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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE FRENCH SIDE

THERE can be no doubt of the somewhat puzzled and hurt surprise of the majority of Frenchmen at the evident lack of sympathy, to put it mildly, of a goodly portion of the world, and especially certain circles in Great Britain and America, for what a political humorist has called the 'denatured war' in the Ruhr. The French, headed by M. Poincaré himself, have not been backward in defending themselves, though they have undoubtedly been handicapped by certain elements in France itself. General Malleterre ends a long article in *La France Militaire* in this fashion: —

'It has been reserved for the English themselves to demonstrate to Mr. Bonar Law the justice of France's action. Four Laborist members of Parliament, who went to the Ruhr, certainly with no previous intention of finding France in the right, have had to bow to the evidence and acknowledge that the Ruhr is not only a colossal and prosperous industrial institution, but that, in spite of Berlin's cries of distress, the German working classes are considerably better off than their English brothers. They found, too, that the Ruhr, with its treasures of iron and coal in the hands of industrial kings who take their orders from Berlin, constitutes a factory of war material that must always remain a danger to all Europe.'

The General then offers a constructive suggestion: 'In 1919 we proposed the autonomy of the Rhineland, separate from Germany and especially from Prussia. This would have been the solution of the peace question. It remains so to-day. . . . Let the great Ruhr factory do its work for Europe in its entirety, and not for Germany alone. Let it never be permitted to manufacture any war material whatever, and we shall soon be able to speak of Reparations and peace in quite different terms from those of Mr. Bonar Law and Herr Cuno.'

M. Auguste Gauvain, in the *Journal des Débats* of March 13, commenting upon Chancellor Cuno's declaration, remarks: —

'The eloquent orator terminated his discourse with the assertion that, unless civilization destroyed war, war would destroy civilization. Quite so. But in order to destroy war we must first destroy the will to war. The men — we do not say German people — who are now directing the destinies of Germany are driven by the desire to nullify the peace treaties. They do not have recourse to what is known as war,

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for the reason that Germany, in this year of 1923, is incapable of that. But they are carrying on an economic and a journalistic war. They started a guerilla war in the Ruhr with assassination, as they did in Silesia. They do not even conceal their intention of starting a real war when the right moment comes.

'According to Baron von Rheinbaben, Chancellor Cuno offers us, in the magnanimity of his heart, the recognition of the frontiers of 1919, and the promise to refrain from all aggression for a generation. After that the new Germany, enriched and strengthened through the blindness of her rivals, would reserve to herself the choice of the instant she may consider the most favorable to throw herself upon us again. Are we to expect that a League of (disarmed) Nations will protect us then?'

The *Temps* of March 18, in a long editorial entitled 'First Let Germany Stop Her War,' demands: —

'No more manœuvres, no more intrigues with a view to provoking mediation or intervention of any description. . . . No more soundings by more or less official emissaries, of whatever nationality. . . . No further propaganda of calumny and hatred against France. . . . No more resistance, boycotting, or sabotage in the occupied zone. . . . The day that Germany has any propositions to make she must make them in one way only, namely by addressing them, officially and directly, to the two Governments whose troops now occupy the Ruhr basin. These are the parties, and not the Reparations Commission, with whom Germany has to do. It is understood, of course, that when France and Belgium are in possession of a proposal from Germany, they will communicate it to the other Allied Powers who are Germany's creditors, including, without doubt, the Government of the United States. . . .

'But let us not anticipate. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. First let Germany stop the war she is now waging.'

It is significant to note that the Franco-Swiss press is quite on the side of France. In its edition of March 10 the influential *Journal de Genève* says: —

'Herr Cuno expresses himself at length concerning the "atrocities" committed by the Army of Occupation. Let us see. Up to a few days ago the number of deaths was nine, and of these five were French!

'There are many points worthy of notice touched upon by the German Chancellor, especially his programme of organized resistance, the stabilization of the mark, and a domestic gold loan. These measures prove what Germany is capable of when she sets seriously to work. If she had applied the same decision and energy that she is showing to-day to the problem of Reparations, she would undoubtedly have been spared the cruel adventure in which she finds herself engaged, and from which no foreign intervention will be able to rescue her.'

The bishops of the Swedish Lutheran Church, having rushed in where other ecclesiastical bodies have feared to tread, and addressed a touching appeal to M. Poincaré to retire from the Ruhr, we find the same periodical (March 12) thus summing up the question: —

'While France expects that Germany, paralyzed in her life activities, will promptly ask to negotiate, Germany hopes that France, menaced by ruin, will soon relax her grip. All this is abnormal and dangerous, because it makes the economic recovery of Europe more difficult and because it creates more hatred for the future. At the same time, we are not quite in accord with Chancellor Cuno when he declares that Germany is fighting for right and

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justice, and are of the opinion that the Swedish bishops, instead of mixing themselves up in foreign politics somewhat late in the day, would have been more wisely inspired to occupy themselves entirely with their pious duties at home.'

Figaro publishes (March 16), with very evident delight, a set of resolutions passed by the numerous and important British colony at Pau: 'We wish to make known our warm sympathy with the French Republic and our desire to support it in its championship of the sanctity of treaties, in order that it may recover some small portion of the losses shamefully and inhumanly inflicted upon it by Germany, the pariah state among civilized nations. *Vive la France et vive l'Entente Cordiale!*'

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MORE AMENITIES

DURING the war we called the Germans 'Boches,' while for the English they were 'Huns.' Now the Germans have invented a new name for us which vastly pleases them, — namely, 'Apaches,' — and their papers are filled with the atrocities committed by the Apaches in the Ruhr.

(*L'Opinion, March* 16)

In the course of a speech made by Mr. Lloyd George at Bangor in Wales, during a religious meeting, a cock broke in with a vociferous cock-a-doodle-doo. Pausing for a moment in his discourse, the orator remarked: 'Two cocks cannot crow at the same time!' A few minutes later, as he was wishing Godspeed to the Welsh missionaries on their departure for the Orient, the cock once more sounded his clarion call. 'You see,' said Mr. Lloyd George, 'the cock approves fully of what I say!' He was rewarded with a burst of laughter; but in this reunion of theologians was it forgotten that it was the crow of a cock that marked Peter's three denials of the Lord? (*L'Opinion, March* 10)

When, if ever, the League is expanded, the first thing that perfected organization will do is to query and traverse the actions which have been taken by its imperfect predecessor. From a moral standpoint the abstention of the U.S.A. is less damaging to the decisions of the so-called League of Nations than the exclusion of Germany. The natural and sensible way of making a League of nations is to start by the continents. If Mr. Lloyd George did not know where Teschen was, how on earth can anyone expect the Japanese, for instance, to hold any views worth listening to about Silesia? What Europe should have quickly is a true, full League of European nations, where a German or Bulgarian can state his case, get an international hearing, and then cast his vote. Had Europe been so organized six months ago, neither Chanak nor the Ruhr could have attained their present dimensions.

(GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON, in the *Manchester Guardian, March* 18)

I have nothing to say with regard to the political aspect of the occupation of the Ruhr, but there are certain salient outstanding facts with regard to the economic side of it that may be noted.

In the first place, there is no doubt in my mind that Germany can pay.

Germany is not crippled. German commerce has suffered no setback since the war, except to the extent that she has been interfered with by the exchanges; her shipbuilding capacity is still estimated at the same power as before 1914, while, allowance being made for monetary inflation, increased cost of raw stuffs, and rising wages, the fact remains that there has been a considerable increase of capital in her industrial and commercial concerns

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ever since the Armistice — an increase of 6741 millions in 1920, as compared with an increase of 1069 millions in 1919.

SIR JOSEPH COOK, High Commissioner for Australia, in the *Sunday Times, March* 18)

It is, of course, well known that there never was in any parliamentary assembly a minority which did not represent the real will of the people against the accidental incident of a majority elected to thwart it. In practice the filibuster is a horrible example of man's inhumanity to man.

(*Daily Telegraph, March* 14)

There is one means and no other of giving permanent security to France. Britain, Italy, France, and Germany, together, must join in a pact guaranteeing France against German aggression, and Germany against French aggression. . . . All the reactionary and militarist methods of the Ruhr policy have been tried before and failed before under favorable circumstances. The logic of dismemberment has led France from the Western Rhineland to the Ruhr and Mannheim. It could only lead in the future to Frankfort, Munich, and Berlin. Nor could that be the end of it. Napoleon was doubtful of the intentions of Russia, and in search of security he marched to Moscow.

(*Observer, March* 18)

The makers of the American constitution thought well to guard their people against their own impulses. They imposed delays and hindrances, and to their quadrennial constitutional monarch gave a large share in the power of government. We have no checks in our constitution against any passing fancy. The British electorate is supreme, and can do what it will tomorrow. In this free system the Crown is the indispensable symbol of union, tradition, and continuity, not only for our own people, but, as this particular Labor group forgets, for the peoples of the Commonwealth.

(*Observer, March* 18)

The Independent Labor Party has good reason to claim the best place at the Socialist table. It has made a most remarkable recovery from the debacle by which it was overwhelmed at the General Election of 1918, when out of its fifty candidates only three were returned to Parliament. The pamphlet attributes this debacle to the fact that the I. L. P. 'dared to say the unpopular thing.' But that is a ludicrous understatement. It would be much truer to say that the electors turned from Mr. MacDonald and his I.L.P. associates with abhorrence because all through the war they had never raised a hand to help Great Britain to victory, but had always sought on one pretext or another to prevent a decisive result from being reached. Mr. MacDonald was a Defeatist from first to last; he has never recanted or acknowledged his error. On the contrary, he boasts that he would do the same thing again, and we quite believe it.

(*Daily Telegraph, March* 19)

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THE SUBSOIL QUESTION IN RUMANIA

THE question of the nationalization of the subsoil is indisputably the one which most interests the Rumanian Government and people, although there are other subjects under discussion in Parliament, such as the rights of Jews and the liberty of the press. These three questions are the only ones that divide the political factions in the vital discussion of the new constitution. The question of the subsoil has sharply divided public opinion, many independents, including the President of the Senate, Mr. Phérékyde, having ranged themselves on the side of the opposition as adversaries of the system

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of nationalization, while its advocates, led by Mr. Vintila Bratiano, Minister of Finance, and Mr. V. Sassu, Minister of Industry, invoke the principles of justice, inherited from the great revolution, and lying at the very foundation of the State.

The question interests not only the owners of land and of oil wells, but also the general public in a high degree, the more so since upon the manner in which it is solved will depend the fate of the new constitution and of the Liberal régime.

Article 20 of the project of the constitution to be submitted to Parliament reads as follows: 'Deposits of minerals and other riches of the subsoil of whatever character are the property of the State. Hard rock deposits, quarries of materials used in construction, and peat are excepted, without prejudice to the rights acquired by the State by virtue of previous laws.'

A special law regulates the rules and conditions of valuation applicable to this kind of realty, and fixes the quitrent due the owners of the surface land, as well as the extent in which the owners may share in the exploitation of the subsoil. Exploitation concessions conferred in accordance with present law will be respected for the period of their contracts, and the owners now exploiting their own subsoil will not be interfered with so long as they actually work it. Perpetual concessions are not to be granted. These special privileges, however, are to last only fifty years from the date of the promulgation of the new constitution.

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THE COLORED TROOPS OF FRANCE

It has often been pointed out by political economists that, in view of the moderate birth rate in France, the color question is bound to become more and more acute, since the birth rate of the colonies is by no means decreasing. It is asserted that the black tide is rising steadily at the expense of the white, and that this tendency can already be clearly seen in the personnel of the army. In France itself, where there exists no such prejudice against the colored race as has, for example, resulted in the disenfranchisement of many American citizens in our own South, and where few people appear to have any fear whatever of the future, when there are likely to be as many French voters as colored, the question of the equality of the white and black races is being frankly and fearlessly met.

M. Diagne, Deputy from Senegal, and M. Boisneuf, Deputy from Guadeloupe, have addressed a letter to the President of the Council on the subject of the recall from the Ruhr district of a division containing some two hundred natives of the Antilles, in which they allude to the response of M. Poincaré to a letter written on this same subject by M. Candace.

The two deputies, both of whom are colored, thanked the President of the Council for the sentiments that he had expressed in regard to the colored troops. They recalled the exploits of the colored troops during the war, particularly the recapture of the fort of Douaumont by the forty-third battalion of Senegalese Rifles. They add: 'We are quite indifferent to the calumnies of the Germans against our fellow citizens, as well as the hypocritical and malicious propaganda carried on in several neutral countries. On the other hand, we are sincerely pained by the thought that our Government could have been influenced by these aspersions, even to the point of apparently justifying them by an act irreconcilable with our national independence and incompatible with the dignity of the race that we represent.

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We feel this to be a just cause for complaint on the part of our people. We call upon our Government to take no step and to tolerate nothing that can be interpreted as having such an object.'

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MINOR NOTES

THE expected happened at Angora, for the National Assembly rejected the draft treaty of Lausanne, suggesting counter-proposals and asking for further negotiations. The outstanding differences, as the *New Statesman* puts them, are the financial and economic causes, the capitulations and the Mosul question, which the Turks demand shall be settled within a fixed period. Both the Governments and the public are somewhat tired of the unspeakable Turk, but it is hard to see how his invitation to powwow further can be denied. The French seem willing, and nobody in England, unless it be the Foreign Office itself, is likely to object.

There are troubles still in sight in Egypt for England. The cabinet crises continue, and fresh bomb-outrages have occurred with reprisals, both official and unofficial. A British M.P., Mr. Ben Spoor, wrote to the *Manchester Guardian* urging that 'militarist control be replaced by diplomatic,' and that the first step be the repatriation of Zaghlul Pasha and his colleagues. It seems to Englishmen in Egypt that martial law has failed, and that Zaghlul, as unreliable as he may be, may still prove to be the best solution of the Egyptian problem.

THE last elections in South America indicate a desire on the part of the voters to have national finances set in order and the utmost economy enforced in the public service. It will be recalled that a principal element in the political strength of Dr. Arthur da Silva Bernardes, recently elected President of Brazil, was the excellent financial record he had made as Governor of the important state of Minas Geraes. President José Serrato of Uruguay, who was inaugurated on the first of March for the coming four-year term, is an engineer by profession, and owes his political success to his record as Minister of Finance and Minister of Public Works. At the time of his election, he was President of the State Mortgage Bank of Uruguay.

Epoca, a conservative Madrid daily, thus summarizes the Spanish Morocco programme: —

(1) Morocco is essential to Spain's existence. (2) Military action there is only auxiliary to political action. (3) There are districts where the Protectorate can and must be established. (4) The Protectorate and not military occupation of the zone is the essential object of our action. (5) The Protectorate must be established with the active assistance of friendly and influential Moors, and our political action should be directed toward securing such assistance. (6) The Protectorate is a social, legal, economic, and financial system, the ideal being that the Moors should live their own lives under the protection of our civilization, attracted and subdued by our superiority.

The cost of the Morocco campaign continues to weigh heavily upon the Spanish Treasury, and the plan reported a few months ago to withdraw most of the troops in active service there seems to have been dropped or modified. Rumors have it that the influence of Abd-el-Krim, the principal Moorish leader, has been seriously impaired since Raisuli's surrender.

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THE WORLD AND THE TWO AMERICAS

BY ALEJANDRO ALVAREZ

[*Señor Alvarez is secretary-general of the American Institute of International Law, and a director and founder of the Institut des Hautes Études Internationales at Paris. It was he who drew up the project for a code of international law for the American Continent, incorporating and amplifying the fundamentals of the Monroe Doctrine, which was presented to the Juridical Committee of the Pan-American Conference at Santiago. Señor Alvarez is a Chilean. Certain paragraphs of his article have been summarized, and the whole has been shortened.*]

From *La Revue de Genève, March*
(Swiss Political and Literary Monthly)

The international policy of the states of the American Continent possesses certain general characteristics which are very definite and quite distinct from those of European states. This policy is scarcely known on the other side of the ocean, where it sometimes seems merely puzzling and at other times downright contradictory. Out of this situation arise those regrettable misunderstandings to which we must put an end, once for all.

It is asked, for example, why, after a great war in which a feeling of universal solidarity was manifested, the United States — which had taken part in hostilities and exercised a preponderant influence in making peace — is now withdrawing from the affairs of the older continent, even those which are of most vital concern. Why does the United States refuse to join the League of Nations, and why do the other American states seem dissatisfied with that institution? Finally, people are asking themselves, not without a degree of anxiety, what attitude toward the League of Nations and toward certain questions in which the League is especially interested — such, for example, as the limitation of armaments — the fifth Pan-American Conference will take at its meeting in Santiago de Chile, where all the states of the New World will be represented.

We find an answer to all these questions in an examination of the main outlines of the international policy of the states of the American Continent. The geographical situation of the two new continents, so distant from the old; the fact that they were at first colonies of the European Powers, which almost simultaneously revolted and made themselves sovereign states; the economic and social conditions in which these new states developed; the absence of traditions, rivalries, and also the common origins of the greater number of them, explain the existence among these countries of a harmony and community of interest, a coördination of efforts and a solidarity and uniformity of views in international questions, that are unknown among European states.

One is struck with the contrast — the almost violent contrast — that exists between the development of Europe and of the Americas. Because their development has been so different, the states of the New World found themselves living in peace and harmony at the very moment when, in 1914, a terrible war broke out, involving almost every state in the Old World.

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Pan-Americanism has various aspects. The most important is that which concerns international relations, and it is this which now claims our special attention. It has a double claim on us, not only because it manifested itself immediately after the states of the New World had gained their independence, but also because these international doctrines have grown up in all these countries without any previous agreement among them. Let us examine the two groups of countries of the New World from the international point of view — I mean first the United States and second the Latin-American countries, in order to determine to what degree their foreign policies offer points of similarity.

Two great principles guide the United States so far as Europe is concerned — principles which are the logical outcome of their geographical situation, and of their environment. First, the system of international relations in operation in the Old World at the time of the Napoleonic Wars was such that they decided to avoid applying it to the New World, in order that the latter might develop freely and in accord with its own genius. They sought to keep Europe and America distinct, though maintaining a close relationship with one another. Certain American statesmen went even further and proposed to draw a sharp line of demarcation between Europe and America. This was especially the idea of Jefferson, who wanted to see the nations of the New World in a system wholly apart from that of Europe and independent of it, even going so far as to demand a meridian drawn in mid-ocean to separate the two hemispheres.

Second, the code of international law in force in Europe was regarded as applicable to the United States without requiring their express acceptance of it; but the American statesmen also thought that they had the right to reject such principles of international law as did not apply to the situation of their country, and that they might proclaim others, even though contrary to those then in force, which should apply to the American Continent alone.

From these two principles spring the chief characteristics of the foreign policy of the United States during the nineteenth century — close and friendly relations with the states of Europe; association or intervention in all affairs of world-wide interest; abstention from matters of purely European interest; European abstention from matters concerning only the American Continent; friendly intercourse and collaboration with the states of the American Continent.

If it were possible to sum up in a single phrase the foreign policy of the United States, we should say that it is idealist and American — idealist because, far from remaining indifferent, it seeks an active part in everything affecting all humanity; American because the United States are highly nationalistic. They do not want to interfere with European affairs except when their own interests are involved, and then every other consideration disappears. America first — that is the sole principle of their policy in such cases.

Now let us examine the chief lines of the foreign policy of the Latin-American Republics which form the other half of the New World. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Spain's old colonies, encouraged by the example of the United States, and the difficulties in which Spain was involved on account of the Napoleonic Wars, began almost simultaneously a war of independence, between the years 1810 and 1824. In that war the new states stood together and aided each other with their armies and their material

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resources. The great Bolivar at the head of his troops freed, or aided in freeing, five republics.

The states of Latin America were therefore from their birth a genuine league of nations, in spite of the absence of any formal agreement. None of the great questions which have divided and are still dividing the European states disturbed their solidarity. They knew neither jealousies, economic rivalries, nor racial struggle. The balance of power on which European international relations were based remained foreign to them. Their treaties of alliance were purely defensive in character, and were directed against territorial ambitions of the great European Powers. Moreover, these countries enjoyed a political equality of which Europe was ignorant.

But if the states of Latin America have not had the same reason for conflict as the states of Europe, they have had quarrels over their frontiers due to the indefiniteness of the administrative boundaries during the colonial period, which the new states adopted as their own frontiers. Most of these differences were settled by arbitration.

Some countries, it is true, went to war, but neither these wars nor the litigation over frontiers destroyed their feeling of solidarity; and any difficulty of any state with the Old World always found them united. So a feeling of brotherhood — of Latin-Americanism — grew up, which at the end of the last century took tangible form in several ways, notably in diplomatic conferences, scientific gatherings, and assemblies of workmen or students.

That the Latin-American states followed a policy of friendship and understanding toward the states of Europe is shown by the numerous treaties of friendship and commerce made between them, which lay down very liberal principles. Following the example of the United States they sought for close contact with European countries and endeavored to attract foreign men and foreign money by large concessions. European and American civilizations were thus fused at a time favorable for the prosperity of both hemispheres.

But in spite of this relationship the Latin-American states were the first to proclaim the principle of nonintervention by European Powers upon the American Continent. In 1810 the Chilean Egaña formulated it — thirty years before President Monroe. That is why President Monroe's message to Congress in 1823 was received enthusiastically by these states as a reflection of these ideas and aspirations in foreign affairs. The Latin-American states were thus the first to proclaim international equality. Although recognizing the benefits that civilization received from the Great Powers, they do not admit that these entitle them to a situation of preponderant power. So they have never recognized the hegemony exercised by the United States over certain countries of the American Continent.

It is evident from what I have just said that the policy of the states of the New World, both among themselves and toward Europe, as well as their ideas of international law, have a uniform character. This attitude is truly continental. It is international Pan-Americanism. They have repudiated the system of the Old World in order to follow a different path of their own. In America there are no Great Powers, no balance of power, no intervention, but equality, coöperation, and friendship.

So far as international law is concerned, the countries of the New World find themselves in an unusual situation, the United States following English ideas and forming with England the

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so-called Anglo-Saxon school of international law, while the Latin-American states follow the ideas of the French, or continental, school of international law. But both the United States and the South American states have enunciated principles of their own, sometimes contrary to those of international law in effect in Europe, without feeling it necessary to ask European approval. They have developed new principles to solve their own peculiar problems or problems that cannot be treated in the same way as in Europe. All these principles taken together constitute what we call American international law.

These American states may go still further by reaching an agreement over the points in which the Anglo-Saxons and the continental schools differ and may form a new Pan-American school which will exercise great influence over the future.

It is proper to remark here that the principle of nonintervention by European countries in the affairs of the New World is not merely a political principle but a legal principle as well. The states of America have declared that they are lawfully independent, no longer to be colonized, and will not tolerate interference by European countries in their affairs, whether foreign or domestic.

During and after the great world-catastrophe this international Pan-Americanism received a new orientation. In 1914 the American states regarded the war as a European conflict in which — in conformity with their traditional policies — they need have no part. But their sympathies were frankly for the Allies, especially for France and England. The Governments maintained their neutrality, and in the Pan-American Union sought means of making it respected.

Germany's contempt for the rights of neutrals, especially as shown in the submarine warfare, exasperated public opinion on the American Continent. The United States declared war on the Central Powers, not merely because of the violation of their rights, but in order to secure their own safety and that of the American Continent. In entering the conflict the United States influenced the Latin-American countries to follow her example as a group. Eight countries actually did declare war on Germany, five broke off diplomatic relations, and seven remained neutral, but it was a neutrality highly beneficent to the Allies. The states that remained neutral explained that since Germany had committed no act of hostility toward them they had no reason for assuming a hostile attitude toward her, but that they would do so the moment their rights were infringed or disregarded.

The deciding influence that the United States Government — or President Wilson — exercised in the conclusion of the peace, and in establishing a new international organization in the Covenant of the League, is well known. Unfortunately the President of the great Republic had advocated his own ideas rather than those of his country. Hence the refusal of the American Senate to ratify the treaty signed by Mr. Wilson, and the reassertion by the United States of their unwillingness to meddle with Old World affairs.

This assertion greatly disturbed European opinion, which regarded it as contradictory to the great part that America had played in the war. But if one considers the fundamentals of the international policy of the United States one can understand their attitude. The United States first of all are always ready to take an active part in matters of world interest, such as the establishment of peace and new international organizations. In 1921 they assembled a great conference at Wash-

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ington for the limitation of armaments, and at present they are credited with the intention of bringing together a world conference designed to regulate economic affairs, especially those affected by the Great War. But this does not constitute intervention. It is an act of coöperation, the accomplishment of a moral duty hitherto almost unknown, the responsibility for which falls upon every American, as we have already said.

Nevertheless, the United States wish to continue their traditional policy of nonintervention in purely European affairs, for this policy has created national greatness and prosperity in the course of the last century and they see no reason for changing it. Is it not also based on good, sound reasoning, since the states of one continent will never have any good reason for meddling with affairs that chiefly concern another continent?

During the nineteenth century the feeling of international Pan-Americanism was the sole link between the American states; but at the end of the century, as an outcome of their steady development, various kinds of links began to draw them still closer, and lead them into a collaboration which, as we have said, constitutes the sixth characteristic of their international policy. Out of this close coöperation a coördination of efforts and a harmony of interests result which have furthered the solidarity that nature and history first created among them. To-day, therefore, Pan-Americanism has four chief aspects: political, legal, economic, and scientific.

The solidarity existing between these nations is due to harmony of interests, the absence of unappeasable antagonisms, legal equality, similarity of ambitions and ideas in international life, and the fact that they regard themselves as constituting a single family of nations. Pan-Americanism is the highest stage of international solidarity to-day. Pan-Americanism differs from Pan-Slavism, Pan-Germanism, and so forth, because those movements merely concern countries of the same race, the same language, and the same culture, whereas Pan-Americanism goes a good deal further. Pan-Americanism also differs from Anglo-Saxonism, or the drawing-together of England and the United States, as well as from Pan-Latinism, or the drawing-together of the Latin countries of Europe and America.

The American states, by virtue of their Pan-American policy, have long constituted what is practically a league of nations. They have realized that material and moral solidarity constitute the nucleus of a true league of nations, and that written agreements are useless in its establishment if this means is lacking. The Pan-American Union is the tangible outcome of this league of nations among the countries of the New World. It is constantly developing with every practical opportunity.

The whole American Continent from the very beginning of the Great War wished that a universal League or Association or Union of Nations might be set up after the close of hostilities, modeled after the lessons of the past and the experience of the present. The Pan-American Union was not to be absorbed or swamped in this new organization, but was to retain in it all its independence and individuality. The present Covenant of the League of Nations does not satisfy American ideas in this respect. If the opposition of the American Senate had shown itself sooner, perhaps no American state would have adhered to it, but all would have followed the great Republic of the north in its refusal.

The American states come to the present conference in complete inde-

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pendence so far as the League of Nations is concerned; that is to say, they do not believe that belonging to that organization requires them to sacrifice or subordinate Pan-American interests. Various considerations, chief among them the conditions under which the Covenant was originally worked out and established, show the necessity of a complete revision. Even some of the great statesmen who collaborated in it to-day recognize grave defects which must be corrected. A solid international organization cannot be established by a mere Covenant, and we believe that it is better to begin with a rudimentary international organization which can be completed gradually, after the example of the Pan-American Union. This universal organization ought to presuppose, or at least leave room for, continental and regional organizations, since the future international life must rest on them.

Not the development of the New World alone renders this necessary, but also the awakening of Asia and her desire to have an active part in the League of Nations. At the last meeting of the assembly at Geneva this awakening was clearly demonstrated; the delegates of Asiatic countries showed themselves united, and even referred to the solidarity of their continent.

To-day there are three continents which, however close their contact, have clearly marked individuality. Europe, smallest of the three in area, is the most perfect in culture. It is the home of civilization. The American Continent, also highly civilized, is chiefly notable for the solidarity existing among all its states. Last of all, Asia, oldest and largest, may be a continent that has more than one surprise in store for humanity.

How is it possible to set up a league of nations if these continental groupings are not its foundation? But there will be a great deal of difficulty in the opposition which several states will set up to any revision or complete reconstruction of the present Covenant of the League of Nations.

There remains but one solution: to accept the organization now existing for what it is, but to endeavor to establish a close relation between it and the Pan-American Union, of such kind that each of these great institutions may maintain its own characteristics.

The fifth Pan-American Conference has a great task to accomplish. Let us hope that it will attack it resolutely and will achieve a solution that will serve the greater happiness of civilization.

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TAX-COLLECTING IN GERMANY: ITS DIFFICULTIES

From the *Saturday Review, March* 3
(London Tory Weekly)

The world is full of reports about the wicked practices of German capitalists. A recent visitor to the Ruhr is reported to have declared that ninety-four per cent of the income tax was being paid by the workingman and that the moneyed classes were everywhere avoiding their obligations. Such statements are extremely misleading and are likely to raise exaggerated hopes of what Germany can do in the way of Reparations. Fleecing the capitalist is a very attractive cry, but what if the capitalist has been fleeced already?

The fact is, the German income tax is divided into two classes: (*a*) a tax on fixed incomes (salaries, wages, pensions), and (*b*) a tax on floating incomes, that is, such as are derived from buying and selling, from commissions, fees, and so on. Now it may be true that ninety-four per cent of the income tax paid in a certain district during a particular period came from Class A. This class, however, does not consist of workmen alone. It includes directors of companies, officers in the army, ministers of State, all employees, of whatever rank, in receipt of a fixed salary. It includes Helferich, Hindenburg, and Cuno, as well as the horny-handed son of toil.

The tax is steeply graded, so that those at the top pay sixty per cent of their income, those at the bottom only ten per cent. It is taxed at the source, the employer deducting it before the wages are paid, so that evasion is impossible. All the army of black-coated officials is taxed with the same regularity as the worker, but at much higher rates. On the face of it therefore it is absurd to say that ninety-four per cent of the income tax comes from the workman, if we accept the word 'workman' in its ordinary sense.

As for Class B, floating incomes cannot be assessed, and so cannot be paid, until the year is over. A revenue return for a certain quarter of the year would be very likely to show a much smaller proportion of taxes from Class B than Class A. This is not a reason for regarding the taxpayers of Class B as people rolling in wealth. The class includes Mannesmann and Stinnes, but also the costermonger, all retail tradesmen, the sweated seamstress, the poet starving in a garret, and all journalists, doctors, and lawyers. There are quite as many poor in Class B as in Class A.

All the same, the owners of fixed incomes certainly have a grievance. They are taxed at once, while the others have the use of their money for a year and then pay with depreciated paper. Twelve months ago 1000 marks had a purchasing value of £1 10*s.*; now they are worth about 9*d.* — if that. The Government has taken the matter in hand and the members of Class B must pay in quarterly installments on the old assessment until the new one comes into force.

It is true that the apparatus for dealing with the claims in Class B is inefficient. That is the fault of the reformers. Erzberger introduced a reform of the revenue and, to begin with, destroyed the old system before he had anything to put in its place. The Revenue Boards are compelled to inspect the declarations in Class B very closely without being sufficiently or-

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ganized for the work thrust upon them. The result is that they are getting more and more hopelessly into arrears every day. Reformers who were righteous overmuch, and a currency which has got the jumps, have created a situation for which the capitalist cannot be held responsible, though no doubt he takes advantage of it where he can.

The Reichstag is now considering a Bill by which the inequalities between Class A and Class B will be rolled flat. Class A will be lightened of its burdens to a certain extent, Class B will be made to pay heavily for the advantages it enjoys. There is no question of the capitalists being favored by the Government or their being able to have their own way with the taxes.

But the capitalists are not let off with an income tax pure and simple. They are attacked in so many ways that it is a wonder any of them are left. Even before the war they had been subjected to a capital levy. Then came a war-profits tax, designed to leave nobody appreciably richer for the war. On the top of this came another capital levy, — *Reichsnotopfer*, emergency law, — which was to take as much as sixty-five per cent of the largest fortunes. In 1922 came a forced loan, taking ten per cent of all fortunes above a million marks, and on which no interest is to be paid for the first three years. The legacy duty runs up to seventy per cent, and there is a heavy tax — sixty per cent — on presents made by the living. The increment-value tax amounts to thirty per cent. Public companies have to pay a foundation-tax of seven and one-half per cent of their capital.

Then again, capitalists have to make all sorts of yearly payments which really come under the income tax. The corporation tax takes ten per cent of the income of all corporations trading for profit. Then there is a dividend tax which is more dangerous than it looks. If you have an income of £1000 from investments, you pay £100 as dividend tax and then again income tax upon the remaining £900.

Then there is a tax of two per cent on the annual turnover of all businesses. Directors of public companies have to pay twenty per cent on their remuneration. House-owners are limited to a rent that will scarcely buy them a pound of margarine or even a packet of Woodbines a year, and are liable to have their rooms requisitioned for any homeless family the Housing Board wishes to find accommodation for. If they let rooms to lodgers they may have to pay, in rates and taxes, eighty per cent of the rent received. Socialist papers are boasting that there is no such thing as private property in houses now — they have all been nationalized. The fact is that the declared policy of the Socialists is to tax capital so heavily that within twenty years it will all be brought into the coffers of the State. If we compare the direct taxes paid by a capitalist with those paid by a workman, it will be seen how heavy the burdens of capital are. A mill-hand pays ten per cent on his wages. A director of his company is taxed just as certainly on his salary, only at a higher rate. His investments are taxed not once but many times over. His income from commissions is let down lightly for the time being; but measures are being taken to put an end to that, and in the future this part of his income will be most heavily taxed of all. If we were to reckon up all direct taxes, it would probably be found that it is the capitalist who pays ninety per cent of them.

The moral of all this is bitter and unpleasant for us. The German taxpayer is being ground between the two millstones of Socialistic theory and Reparations. Naturally we should like to get more out of him, but it is hardly

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likely that we shall be so inventive and resourceful as the Socialists. They have gone to the limit of what private enterprise can bear without breaking down altogether.

The German is doubtless human enough to dodge the taxes as much as he can. It is not very easy for him and he cannot dodge half so many as he is said to do.

In several papers you may read of the plan of 'making sure' of Reparations by saddling the industrialists with a heavy impost. We will suppose they paid up. The money would have been withdrawn from their enterprises, which would be thrown out of gear. Unemployment would increase, the mark would sink, inflation would increase, revolution would come appreciably nearer; in fact, we should be exactly where we are now. Such an impost could not last very long. A really good tax is like a familiar piece of furniture, which we have known all our lives and have got so used to that we scarcely notice it. But then such a tax must be moderate and just. Nothing defeats its own ends so certainly and swiftly as excessive taxation.

WHY REVOLUTION HAS FAILED

BY MARK LEWIN

From *Sozialistische Monatshefte, February* 20
(CONSERVATIVE SOCIALIST MONTHLY)

THERE is no doubt that the revolutionary wave that has inundated Europe since the Great War is still sweeping down at a fast pace. And there is no use in blinking the fact that the downward movement will last longer than revolutionary movements of the past, for the onrushing bore was higher and the abyss is deeper.

The blame for the failure of the revolution in Europe rests chiefly on moral grounds. In the first place, it lies at the door of the leaders of revolutionary principles and ideas who broke down morally, rendering any coöperation by them impossible in the future. Those who were not equal to the task and the great opportunity will never behold the promised land. Others must come who shall lead wandering humanity out of the desert into their new country.

Never in history as after the four years of holocaust has the opportunity been so great to gather about the banner of social democracy countless thousands of genuine, sincere partisans from all classes. Never was the devastating cancer of the so-called social order so apparent as during the war and since the beginning of the alleged peace. Never before could anybody who was not intentionally blind perceive so clearly the truth of Krapotkin's description of the régime of so-called 'law and order' in Europe: —

'Order you call the never-ending war of man against man, trade against trade, class against class, nation against nation. Order means the thunder of cannon that is never silent in Europe,

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the devastation of whole countries, the sacrifice of entire generations on the battlefield. Order is slavery; order is the gagging of free speech, the degradation of humanity by arms and the lash.'

How illuminating all this is now after the awful four years of the thunder of cannon, the sacrifice of a generation of young men, the devastation of whole provinces and districts in East Prussia, Poland, Belgium, and France, the gagging of public opinion by means of the war censorship, and the degradation of humanity through the whiplash of the peace treaties.

But just at this period it was absolutely indispensable that the leaders of democracy should possess moral conviction commensurate with their task. In order to oppose successfully and to supplant with better ideas this discredited social 'law and order' system and its terrible results, the leaders of the revolution, the worth of whose ideas is judged by the credulous masses only according to their deeds, should have been most careful to prove to the world, in a manner that admitted of no doubt, that the antisocial tendencies of the old régime were impossible under the new Socialist-Revolutionary order of things.

This proof unfortunately was not forthcoming — rather the exact contrary. But the failure to give this proof was not the fault of the Socialist factions in the different countries, when at the outbreak of the war they tendered their services to the defense of their several fatherlands. This would not have been a great detriment, for each realized that the cause of liberty would be no more advanced by allowing his own country to be overrun and his countrymen slaughtered than by doing the like to others. No, the great mistake was made at the time when the revolution, soon after its inauguration, was mismanaged, and the objects of the revolutionary party allowed to appear in a totally false light.

Before the revolutionary wave had reached Western Europe, the revolution in Russia had already been put down, and the acts of the victors clearly showed the kind of people they were. They seemed anxious to prove that they could be outdone by the old régime in no manner of iniquity or atrocity. And because these stranglers of the original revolution called themselves Socialists, and afterward Communists, the credulous world was quite willing to accept this misrule of wickedness for the realization, or at least the result, of Socialism. And the world naturally shrank back in horror from conditions which had been described by Krapotkin and others, but bore a quite different and terrible aspect when practised by Lenin and Trotskii.

Here, then, the mockery of the revolution was proclaimed, and the obvious next step was to find the right method to counteract it and thus save Socialism. The leading Socialists of Western Europe should, at the very beginning of the Bolshevist counter-revolution, have had the moral courage to discard all manner of secret methods and considerations, to reaffirm the real motto of Socialism, and to say to the whole world: —

'Our hands and our theories are guiltless of the blood that is being shed under the protection of stolen Socialist banners. You must not seek real Socialism or Communism in a country where a bestial war of man upon man is carried on. On the contrary, you find there, in spite of altered and unfair declarations, nothing but the same old "law and order" rule that has stunk to heaven these many decades and particularly during the present one. You find there the perfectly intentional employment of exactly those

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elements which we are endeavoring to get rid of through our system.'

If this had been done, and only then, the moral appeal of the revolution would have been preserved, and its practical development would have been the salvation of the world. But the leaders of that period did not rise to this moral height. On the contrary, demagogic secret diplomacy took the place of moral conviction. The success of a certain clique, calling itself Socialist in a country of the gigantic size of Russia, seemed to be good propaganda pabulum, and who was willing to lose such a chance for the dissemination of propaganda? But from that moment the moral soul of the revolution was lost sight of, and the recognition of the old social order reëstablished.

Should anyone still assert that it has been only a perversion of common sense on the part of capitalism that made possible the continuation of the old man-against-man, nation-against-nation, idea, it is only necessary to point to Russia, where that kind of war, even in the same class and the same trade, is carried on much more savagely since Socialists of the extreme Left have been at the helm. And as to the devastation of countries, the slaughter of a generation, the gagging of free speech, and the degradation of mankind by arms and the lash — great heavens, how much more thoroughly all this has been carried out in the sign of the blood-red shield and the motto 'Revolutionary law'! The famine along the Volga, the result of the most criminal carelessness, has been responsible for more lives than the whole World War, and yet the Bolshevist Moloch cries for more, and further millions will be sacrificed to him. Fire-damp and the collapsing of mine shafts have killed no more Russian workmen, it is true, but that is only because the Russian mines are not worked, and many of the miners have been starved to death, the rest being divided among the armies of Bolshevism and that of the profiteers and revolutionaries.

Besides the criminal and foolish loss to the Socialist cause of those mentioned at the beginning of this paper, the defection of a considerable portion of the original believers was inevitable. For particularly the best elements in the old, classic proletariat, for whom Socialism was neither a kind of sport nor a means of livelihood, but a life principle, were bound to ask themselves whether it had not been a hideous mistake to have fought all their lives for an ideal, the realization of which proved to be so monstrous. And here again the wrong means of combating this situation were chosen — namely, the deception of public opinion through the dissemination of false information, this ancient weapon borrowed from the arsenal of the old régime of 'law and order.' The Socialists took over the rôle of the former censor, and proceeded to conceal the atrocities and glorify the successes of the Bolsheviki, most of which did not exist. It is impossible to speak with any patience of those who declare that the Bolsheviki are the only peace-loving party in Russia, and still have nothing but praise for the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, the miserable model for the treaties of Versailles, Saint-Germain, Trianon, and so forth.

As matters stand to-day, the results of all this mismanagement on the part of the Socialist leaders are as follows: —

(1) The Russian Socialists have been unable to defend their revolutionary principles or their country against the attacks of the Bolsheviki; and the blame for this must fall upon Socialists everywhere, who have practically sustained the Bolsheviki, though doubtless unintentionally.

(2) Millions of human lives have

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been sacrificed in Russia, and many more will be sacrificed; and again the blame must fall upon Socialists everywhere, who have sought only to use all this suffering and death for purposes of propaganda.

(3) Russian production has practically ceased, to the disadvantage not only of Russia, but of the outside world; and once more the whole body of Socialists is to blame, because it failed to have the courage of its convictions.

(4) The thunder of cannon still reverberates, not only in Russia, but throughout the world, and it does not seem likely soon to be silenced; and again we recognize the culpability of the Socialists of every land, because they did not support the Russian Revolution and its demands for a general peace without victors or victims, annexation or Reparations, while they did play into the hands of the Bolsheviki with their miserable Treaty of Brest-Litovsk.

(5) The principles of Socialism and the revolution have fallen into disrepute throughout the whole world.

So much for the question of the chief culpability.

Another dagger-thrust was given the cause of the revolution by the gradual growth of disloyalty, not only to ideals, but to theories, inevitably brought about by the recognition of the ideas and acts of Lenin and Trotskii. The world shall be ruled, not as before, by historic materialism, but by *decrees*, and the belief seems to be common that the transition from the capitalistic to the communistic order of things is as easy as to make a thoroughgoing Communist out of a Tsarist police-spy.

But this acceptance of Bolshevist ideas has led the so-called leaders of Socialism much farther afield than they thought, and they are now waking up in alarm to the realization that the rank and file is beginning to lose confidence. The worst of it is that the leaders knew quite well the real nature of the Bolshevist 'successes,' and had not the slightest desire, and fortunately not the power, to repeat them at the expense of their own countrymen. And we now perceive that, while in these four years of 'peace' a half-dozen republics have sprung from the throes of the revolution, in not a single one of them have been realized and put into action any of the principles of Socialism and real Communism. On the contrary, the determination to put through reforms has been washed away by the counter-wave of the defeat of the revolution.

There remains a third sin to add to the list of the would-be world-doctors' crimes — that of neglecting the field of production. The revolution in Europe, as is well-known, broke out at a time of intense and general economic distress and need, and it was very evident that an intensified production was essential to meet this condition everywhere. This being the case, who but the trusted leaders of the working classes should have been the ones to broadcast the call to constant and strenuous labor in the name of the common weal? And who were those who should have first harkened to such a call but the class-conscious proletarians, accustomed as they were to sacrifice and self-denial in the fight for the betterment of their fellow men?

But here the new poison began to work. The world was to be dragged along the road to better things by means of the 'dictatorship,' and the rôle of the proletariat was only humbly to acknowledge the freshly baked Communists as its masters. What need of an appeal to the idealistic in it, or to labor, which it alone controlled? The less so because the old honest Socialists had been to a great extent replaced by doubtful elements which would have

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packed up and left for parts unknown at the first mention of the word 'work,' or of such a sentiment as the common good of all!

And thus, instead of greater and cheaper production, and instead of an improvement in the condition of every household, there resulted at once a decreased and dearer rate of production, and an increase in hardship for the individual. As was inevitable, the economic situation went from bad to worse, for the honest workmen lost confidence in such leaders.

The outlook, from the standpoint of honest, level-headed Socialism, would be hopeless, were it not for the fact that these people who have sidetracked the revolution are not likely to awaken from their vertigo of temporary success, but are more apt to stagger along in their mad career until they make themselves impossible. Their success hitherto has been due solely to the fact that the real theories of Socialism have never been put in practice. At present the good old pre-war system of 'law and order,' with all its attendant iniquities, is coming once again so boldly and so shamelessly to the front that sooner or later humanity will be able to distinguish clearly order from disorder. Only then will the real leaders appear.

AUSTRIA'S EFFORT

BY E. C.

From the *Journal de Genève, February* 28
(Swiss Liberal Democratic Daily)

Monsignor Seipel, Chancellor of the Austrian Republic, is a tireless traveler. Hardly returned from Budapest, he starts for Paris, where he still was at the beginning of this month. To-day the Viennese press announces his return from Belgrade where, aided by Herr Gruenberger, Minister of Foreign Affairs, he held important conferences with the Government of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. Austria will profit in the highest degree by these journeys. Mgr. Seipel does not represent alone the authority of his own official position; he is accompanied by two excellent companions — patriotism and talent. At times it almost seems as if he carried in his valise the 'magic flute' of Mozart, Salzburg's great son, upon which to perform with conviction and address, whenever need may be.

At Belgrade the questions discussed by the representatives of the two countries required for a harmonious solution something more and something better than a mere legal discussion. Diplomacy does not consist alone in the science of interpreting texts; it demands as well the adaptation of ideas to circumstances. The decisions arrived at in Geneva concerning Austria — adopted, to her great honor, by the League of Nations — would have been futile if the nations interested had not been actuated in their work by lofty and generous motives.

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In this manner sentiment often runs along with reason. Belgrade had suffered much from Vienna, from whose ambitions and imperialistic pretentions sprang the World War. But to-day this small folk, the Serbians, has become by its own volition an integral part of a great nation, the different parts of which, though they differ somewhat in political forms, have nevertheless become united in the same conception of liberty, thanks to the traditions inherent in their nearly related blood.

Vienna no longer uses to Belgrade the language of a master, and, for the sake of the peace of Europe, it is to be hoped that Belgrade will refrain from that tone in intercourse with Vienna. The kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes has given proof of its good faith in joining in the movement for the salvation of Austria, undertaken by the League of Nations. To be sure, certain questions still remained to be settled between the two nations, which was the reason for the recent sojourn of Mgr. Seipel and Herr Gruenberger at Belgrade. They succeeded in securing the adoption of four conventions of a commercial and financial nature, and, with the coöperation of the frontier nations, in introducing simplifications into the passport and traffic regulations. The treatment of minorities according to the principles of reciprocity, and diverse accessory problems, such as the disposition of the property of the old Austrian legations and consulates, were also discussed and settled in a friendly manner.

One must admit that the Austrian Chancellor, when he left Belgrade, was justified in being satisfied with the results obtained. He was touched by the welcome which he received in the Serbian capital, a welcome due not alone to the desires of the Government, but also to the wishes of the whole people. In fulfilling loyally the conditions of the Treaty of Peace, and in carrying out faithfully the decisions of the League of Nations, of which she is a member, Austria cannot fail to march with steady pace toward better days. Everything goes to show that the Government presided over by Mgr. Seipel will carry out its task with exactness. He will be assisted in this by the President, Herr Hainisch, an economist known on account of his intellectual relations with an eminent well-wisher of Yugoslavia, Mr. Masaryk, President of the Czechoslovak Republic, as well as the public opinion of Austria, which is sure to approve the conventions reached at Belgrade, really daughters of the agreement made at Geneva last October.

These agreements confer upon Austria her new international status. They guarantee her independence on condition that she shall not alienate her liberty, endangered by certain elements that desire a union with Germany. On the other hand they put her in possession of the financial means for the reorganization of her administration and commerce.

For four months past Austria has given evidence that her recognition, which the eloquence of Mgr. Seipel won at Geneva, is no mere formula. She has gone courageously to work, and the reward has not failed to appear. On November 3 the Austrian national legislature passed a law by which the deficit of the budget of 1922 should be covered without recourse to a new emission of paper money. On January 1 the administrative personnel, a heavy expense to the State, was relieved by the payment of the salaries of 25,000 functionaries. The financial balance showed by February 21 a betterment of some 292 billions of kronen. Another step was the floating

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of a bank loan, the subscriptions to which much more than covered the sum to be raised. Among the subscribers to this loan were all classes of citizens, including a large number of farmers who thus proved their confidence in the final success of the national venture.

Austria, therefore, has made — with the aid of other Powers, including Switzerland — a new and loyal effort to stand on her own feet. But is her future already assured? One would hope so. The Republic is in its fifth year of existence, and has surmounted a crisis, one may say a whole series of crises, of a dangerous character. From the point of view of politics, she has freed herself of State Socialism and of Pan-Germanic imperialism. She thinks more of living than of quarreling. But it is on account of this problem of living that she must carry on activities beyond her frontier that require the most careful management.

The Conference at Belgrade will seemingly be followed in a short time by a commercial treaty with Yugoslavia, the details of which are now being worked out.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Austria is already out of the woods. She is still facing grave difficulties with her depreciated currency. In spite of all governmental zeal she cannot regain a normal condition except by a reduction of prices brought about by the producers, the middlemen, the trusts, and the salaried class. This measure is indispensable. The creditor nations are watching and will see that it is carried out, because they know that their assistance will be vain if the Austrian people do not fulfill their essential economic duty.

Frederic V bestowed upon the Archduchy of Austria this device that sets the five vowels sounding with pride: A. E. I. O. U. — *Austriæ est imperare orbi universo!* — It is Austria's to rule the whole world!

To-day Austria will hardly care to be reminded of that proud boast. All we ask of her now is that she shall rule herself. And it is not such an easy task.

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THE KAISER AND HIS CAPTIVE

BY COMMANDANT A. GRASSET

[The authenticity of this incident is vouched for by the author, who has received a first-hand account of Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard and has been privileged to examine his notebook.]

From *Le Correspondant, February 25*
(Liberal Catholic Semimonthly)

During the night of the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of February, 1916, the German advance, which had steadily continued toward Verdun in the course of the last two days, was suddenly halted by a handful of brave fellows who had intrenched themselves in the improvised defenses of Samogneux. Twelve decimated companies of the 351st and 324th regiments and the 44th territorials, a total of less than eight hundred men grouped under Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard, the commandant of the 351st, held the whole fourteenth reserve division of the German army in check in these little dugouts.

Unfortunately a rather vague statement obscured the meaning of the commanding order. Such are the fatalities of war. It was believed that the defenders of Samogneux had been relieved and removed, and at two o'clock in the morning of the twenty-fourth the heavy artillery of the fort at Vacherauville began to wipe out the scattered ruins of the village with its heavy shells. Then the defenders had to relax their hold. They did this as best they could, but the enemy was at hand, ready to attack, and most of our brave soldiers were taken prisoners.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard and Commander Le Hugeur of the 324th were withdrawing from their position unaccompanied when they had the misfortune to fall suddenly into the hands of a German patrol as they were turning the corner of a communication trench.

It was an important capture. The two prisoners were placed under good escort, hurried into an automobile as quickly as possible, and taken to the headquarters of the Crown Prince of Germany in Stenay. The Kaiser, too, was there at the moment; he had come to oversee in person the final preparations for his triumphal entry into Verdun, an occasion by which he set great store and one whose splendor was to stupefy the whole world.

There was entertainment afoot here — at least for the royal hosts. It was eight o'clock in the evening and everybody seemed to understand that the two prisoners must be hungry after the preceding two days and nights of fighting on scanty rations. After the regular formalities had been gone through, they were taken to a dining-room where a meal was served to them. This was a very pleasant surprise, as they were literally famished; but it was only the beginning of their adventure.

Halfway through the meal a great clatter of swords and spurs was heard on the stairway. The door was quickly flung wide open and, like a gust of wind, a thin awkward person suddenly stood in their midst — the Crown Prince.

His heels snapped sharply together, the floor shook, and with an automatic gesture he saluted.

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The two prisoners sprang to attention.

The Prince delivered the highest eulogies to the Lieutenant-Colonel on the conduct of his troops before Samogneux. He was proud to have been opposed by such adversaries. He spoke volubly in French, with perfect ease and without any accent. Suddenly he put a quick stop to his flow of words, and his face, shaped like a knife blade, concentrated all its expression in his piercing eyes, which gleamed with lively interest.

'What do you think, Colonel, of the effects of our heavy artillery?'

Was this pride, defiance, or merely ardent curiosity? All three could be read on his face as if written in black and white, and you could also see that nervousness, rising from a fondly cherished delusion that the big guns would destroy the French morale, had not yet set in.

Faint hesitation on the part of Colonel Bernard — not as regards the answer he should give, but concerning the form which it should take, without making him seem ridiculous to this personage, the son of the Emperor of Germany. The courses in our military schools have no department devoted to the art of framing a protocol, and our officers are not accustomed to find themselves face to face with a prince. Still, the Frenchman has an unreasoning fear of ridicule.

This German, however, is wearing a general's uniform; it is easy enough — one simply addresses him, 'General!' Then, with perfect calm: 'General,' says the Colonel — at this point the Crown Prince draws his tall figure erect and his very expressive face does not conceal the pleasure that this bit of flattery has given him. 'General, the only effects that I have been able to see are the ordinary effects of heavy artillery.'

The good impression that the title has made continues. The Prince insists; he wants details.

'General, the effects of the shells are in proportion to the calibre of the guns. If the calibre were greater, the effects would be more powerful still.'

'What we wish to do is to take Verdun.'

This statement, far from dampening the spirit of the Colonel, tickled his humor. 'If it was in order to tell me this joke that you wished to see me, General, you should have spared men who have done their duty. It is clear to me that you understand neither Verdun nor the formidable organization of the fortified regions. I assure you, you will not take Verdun.'

'We shall devote sufficient time and expense.'

'You will devote as much as you please, but you will not take Verdun. You have convinced your men that the capture of Verdun would put an end to the war. The last prisoners that we took were perfectly certain of it, and the feat of having an attack of battalions overcome a few companies of outposts gives a measure of plausibility to the hope of real success; but if you were more clear-sighted, you would not persist in this mad enterprise.'

'We want to take Verdun because the fall of the great *Festung* (stronghold) would have an immense moral effect in Germany and in France as well.'

'Undoubtedly, General; but you will not take Verdun.'

'Have the German officers shown every proof of that courtesy that should always prevail between officers?'

'Yes, I must admit it.'

'Do you lack anything?'

A strange question under such circumstances. The Prince is aware of it and adds hastily: 'Allow me, Colonel, to send you up a bottle of champagne.'

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'General, you will oblige me by not insisting upon it.'

'But I really do insist.'

'No, champagne is the wine of France that the commandant and I can drink only as a health to the defenders of Verdun.'

'That is understood; I ask for nothing better.'

'In that case, General, I accept.'

At which the young Prince snaps his heels together with such a sharp crack that the floor trembles again and his spurs ring; he salutes automatically, stiffly, and he leaves as he entered, like a gust of wind.

Before this memorable repast had ended, the bottle of champagne was placed on the table. The Lieutenant-Colonel invited the German captain who had seen to the service of the meal to join him, and this officer accepted with very good grace and drained a glass with his prisoners, uttering a resounding 'Hoch!' to the inviolability of Verdun.

The next morning, the twenty-fifth of February, at about nine o'clock, someone knocked at Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard's door. The Crown Prince wished to see him.

An officer always has one point of pride, and on this occasion the Lieutenant-Colonel was a little embarrassed as he examined his appearance. His uniform was unquestionably splendid, but it was extremely dirty: his boots were encrusted with a thick layer of mud, his cape singed by the flames at Samogneux, and its faded horizon-blue stained with large brown spots; his sole headdress was a metal helmet. He had a three days' beard. No use regarding the rules of etiquette!

A conference was in progress at headquarters. The Lieutenant-Colonel was ushered into a room where a number of staff officers were waiting. Five minutes later, a door opened and the Crown Prince entered. Everyone straightened up and lined himself along the wall; a great sound of clinking iron, a snapping of heels, mechanical salutes. The Prince went straight to the Colonel, took him by the hand, and led him away, saying: 'I am going to present you to my father.'

They came to an enormous room, quiet as a cathedral, where three generals were at work. One of them slowly rose to his feet. This movement, which the other two persons undoubtedly noticed, though they gave the appearance of being deeply absorbed in the study of difficult problems, made them straighten up automatically with the customary snapping-together of spurred heels.

The man who had risen was the Emperor. William II was in general charge of the campaign. He wore the two ribbons of Prussia and Bavaria in his buttonhole.

While his assistants remained frozen to the wall, and while the Crown Prince marched, as if on parade, to a place on his right hand, he left the table and walked slowly toward the Colonel. His forehead was high; the two points of his moustache menaced the very heavens; his eyes were fixed squarely on those of the prisoner; his thighs were stiff, the left shoulder and the left leg swung forward at the same moment and the right shoulder and the right leg did the same, all of which gave his walk an air of indisputable grandeur.

Surely it was Lohengrin.

He spoke slowly in excellent French; he felt for words and always hit upon the right one. His eulogies on the defense of Samogneux and the warlike valor of the French army were endless. He expressed his profound esteem for the French soldiers as well as for the French officers.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard bowed and thanked His Majesty for his opinion of the French army.

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Then, for a moment, the Emperor condescended to step off his pedestal, and his conversation became friendly and animated. William II is a charmer; in the presence of this captured French officer he felt it necessary to exercise his talent. With what motive? Who knows? Perhaps the pamphlets of propaganda that are destined to work at the roots of public opinion will give a satisfactory reply to this question.

When a person is carrying out a plan, there is no detail, however minute, that is too small to be considered. Is this French officer going to be swollen up with the great honor that has been bestowed upon him? Will he not write? It is always necessary to scatter grain. Of ten seeds that are lost, one may grow and bring forth a hundredfold.

So the Kaiser became more intimate. He put some general questions.

'Why,' he asked, 'does France insist on playing into England's hands in prolonging this war? Is n't it really pitiful to see two people who understand each other by nature cut one another's throats for the profit of Englishmen, Americans, and the yellow race?'

A very weighty problem for a statesman, and more difficult still for an officer who is more expert in controlling manœuvres than in deciding diplomatic questions.

None the less the Lieutenant-Colonel said: 'Certainly, your Majesty, but the solution?'

The Kaiser is quite at his ease in this field. All of a sudden he has become a statesman.

'The solution? I should like to see the French and Germans friends, united against the English.'

And then in a persuasive tone: 'You know very well that the English are your worst enemies.'

But our soldier refuses to accompany His Majesty into these misty regions. 'It is too late, Sire, to follow that course. You are not ignorant of the fact that the English are fighting bravely by our side at this very hour. I do not know what should have been done; but, as far as France and Germany are concerned, the breach is irreparable and we are allied to the English.'

'But what if it is to your interest to break this alliance?'

'And our honor, Sire? The French are not accustomed to breaking their word.'

'The Italians have completely betrayed us.'

'There are, besides this, certain actions of the German army that the French will never forgive: they are the massacres of wounded men and prisoners; the wholesale burning; the atrocities committed in invaded territory; and, on the field of battle, the use of poison gas and liquid fire.'

And deliberately casting off all petty pride, the Colonel called the attention of his imperial interlocutor—to—the singed condition of his cape.

'It was the English who started it,' replied the Kaiser, 'and the French have committed some atrocities too; in the Argonne a German soldier was crucified.'

'Sire, it is impossible.'

'I have the photographs.'

'I trust that you also have pictures of the "bombardment" of Nuremberg by our airplanes in 1914. It is all a put-up job, and, if you do not know of it, your followers are well aware of it. As for me, I continue to affirm in your immediate presence that the French mentality cannot conceive of abominations of this sort.'

This thrust struck home with William, and, though his face did not betray any emotion, he changed the subject.

'You know, don't you, that it was not Germany who wished the war?'

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'What I am sure of is that it was not the fault of France.'

'Wait, I shall tell you, myself, what happened. On the thirty-first of July, 1914, at the conference that took place in London between the French ambassador, the German ambassador, and the British Government, everything could have been arranged, but the British Government chose to upset everything; it is that Government and George who are the chief culprits.'

'Ah!'

'Germany had no reason to make war on France. Tell me some reasons that you can see why Germany should have undertaken such a war.'

'Oh, Sire, I am only a soldier! I don't know much about such matters, and I can only repeat to you what everyone in France knows. It is no mystery to anyone why Germany was armed to the teeth in 1914, and that she increased her armaments feverishly, with the apparent desire of putting them to use. She had to develop her colonial empire in order to take care of her overflowing population; she had to obtain a new Treaty of Frankfort to assure a market for her manufactured products; there was also the *Eisennot* (lack of iron) that —'

The Emperor jumped as if a red-hot iron had burned the soles of his feet.

'The Eisennot! So you believe in the Eisennot! People believe that in France? Why, it 's a colossal mistake! It is common knowledge that German industry is the most highly developed in the world, but mark you well, it has never lacked iron!'

'Certainly, Sire, but it is chiefly owing to the Briey basin, which has been used during the war and which it would be highly advantageous for Germany to possess after the Peace.'

Then the Kaiser shifted back to political talk.

'You have a government of lawyers in France. Why won't M. Briand reply to our propositions?'

A gesture of profound ignorance.

'Are your delegates at the front?'

'Yes, Sire; I am personally acquainted with a certain number of them, particularly my friend in the neighboring sector, Lieutenant-Colonel Driand.'

'The delegate from Nancy?'

'Yes, Sire; I have even discovered that he was seriously wounded in the Caures forest and I should be very glad to get news of him, if such a thing is possible.'

'It will be given to you.'

And without even a motion on the part of the Emperor, one of the generals present made a furtive note.

'You understand, Colonel, that I admire the French army. In Berlin I was acquainted with several French generals, especially General Pau and General Pellé, for whom I have cherished the highest esteem. I repeat to you that I admire the French army and I consider that the French are our most formidable adversaries.'

Having uttered these words with great force, William II extended his hand to the Colonel and took his leave.

Eight days later the prisoner was interned in the camp of Gütersloh in Westphalia. In the confused flow of daily troubles he no longer dreamed of the imperial promise, when the commander-in-chief of the camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Von Grüben, in full dress uniform with white gloves, and followed by a nervous group of staff officers, presented himself with every mark of the most profound respect. He carried an envelope of enormous dimensions bearing the arms of the Emperor. His Majesty informed Colonel Bernard that Colonel Driand fell gloriously in the Caures forest.

But a short time after this the same Colonel Bernard was sent with a cer-

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tain number of other prisoners of note into a reprisal camp situated in the centre of a military factory which had to be protected from Allied airplane bombs. This measure, in violation of international law, was adopted because the Allies had made some German prisoners embark on hospital ships that respect for the Red Cross and for moral law did not suffice to protect against the torpedoes of German submarines.

In this little tale of Teutonic chivalry, Kultur had the last word.

THE GENTLE ART OF PROPAGANDA

BY IAN D. COLVIN

From the *National Review, March*
(London Tory Monthly)

When I gave the readers of the *National Review* a little history of the Hanseatic League in England, there were many episodes which I had perforce to touch on but lightly, the story being long and the space limited. One minor incident I may give now, since it illustrates the early practice of an art in which the Germans have since shown themselves proficient — the art, or perhaps we should call it the science, of propaganda, and in particular that handy branch of it concerned with the use of the catchword and the formula, or, as our Communist friends would say, the 'slogan.'

It relates to the days when our English merchants, after their long struggle with the German Hanse in England, had so far got the better of that organization as to establish themselves in the Empire. On November 11, 1582, one Longston, who was, we may suppose, an English Merchant Adventurer, wrote from Middleburg to the great Walsingham of 'the leaude, untrue, and most dishonest libels and speeches blown and scattered abroad by the Hanse-Stede of Lübeck, and others'; and continued: —

> A man can now come almost in no company where any talk is had in these parts of general traffic and merchants, but one piece is of the English merchants *Monypolion*, and of the hard and strange dealings used in England against strangers. . . . This talk grows chiefly from the Hanses, in order to drive the traffic wholly from Englishmen into the hands of strangers, but specially into their own.

Now here we have an excellent example of the slogan or catchword. As a fact, the Merchant Adventurers Company was no more a monopoly than the Hanseatic League, of which it was in its general constitution a copy. But the syndics and lawyers of Lübeck, who were conducting a regular campaign of propaganda against our English merchants, invented this catchword of monopoly and used it to such effect that the archives of the time are full of such complaints as Longston's. Thus we find our English merchants persuading the 'Earl of Embden' 'not to believe these accusations of *Mono-*

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polar trade,' and we have the Count of East Friesland writing to Queen Elizabeth that the Hanse towns are 'singing the old tune to Cæsar . . . about *monopolies* . . . so that he has forbidden us under heavy penalties to show the merchants any further hospitality.'

The Hanseatics had, in fact, brought the catchword into the Diet of Augsburg, and induced the Emperor Rudolph II to banish the Merchant Adventurers from the Empire. Our merchants proposed that 'some private person or neuter having good instruction' should write a defense in Latin, French, and Italian, 'for the defense of England's honor and innocency.' But Queen Elizabeth herself took the matter up, and wrote an exceedingly stiff letter to the Emperor, 'concerning a slander of monopoly raised by their traffic' and protesting that there was 'no manner, show, or likelihood of monopolian traffic.' The company was an association for order and government, and 'for merchandising they had not, nor ever had, one groat of common stock.' 'Her Majesty hitherto has thought that so foul and vain a slander would not have needed half that has already been answered to it.' Queen Elizabeth, in contrast to our modern statesmen, *always* played for her own side.

If we were to pursue the subject through history, we should find that the House of Hohenzollern made propaganda a fine art. Frederick the Great was expert in it, and no doubt cultivated the friendship of Voltaire, to say nothing of the Freemasons, for that particular reason. Frederick, *pace* Carlyle, had no very lofty idea of statesmanship. '*Adieu*,' he writes to one of his agents, '*mon cher charlatan, soyez le plus habile charlatan du monde*,' and the association of a whole pack of charlatans, philosophers, and quacks with the early days of the French Revolution might be explained if we only knew the threads and ramifications of Prussian policy. 'Anacharsis' Clootz, the disciple of Weishaupt, one of the most ferocious propagandists of revolutionary ideas, was certainly an agent of Prussia; and the relations between Berlin and Mirabeau were at least equivocal.

The French Revolution was a triumph of propaganda, and there has been ever since a propaganda to blind us to that fact. Monsieur Gustave Le Bon, in his *Psychology of Revolution*, exposes 'a mass of legends very remote from reality,' as, for example, that the French Revolution was a spontaneous rising of the French people inspired by the ideal of political freedom. 'We may say here with certainty,' he says, 'in the first place such movements are never spontaneous, and secondly, that reason takes no part in their elaboration.' The thing is done by leaders, or, as we might call them, propaganders, who hiss until the geese join the chorus. They 'exaggerate the discontent, persuade the discontented that the Government is the sole cause of all the trouble, especially of the prevailing dearth, and assure men that the new system proposed by them will engender an age of felicity.'

'The part of the people,' says Le Bon, 'has been the same in all revolutions; it is never the people that conceives them or directs them. Its activity is released by means of leaders.' As for these leaders, Le Bon traces them back to anonymous orders, Jacobin clubs, and secret societies from which issue the catchwords and slogans that direct the fickle passions of the mob. 'The crowd,' he says, 'is particularly open to the impression produced by images. These images do not always lie ready to hand, but it is possible to evoke them by the

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judicious employment of words and formulas.'

The German Government, which reduced everything to a system and a science, made a science and a system of propaganda. They examined every country as a stone-breaker at the roadside examines a piece of rock for the easiest line of fissure, and upon that line they hammered with Teutonic pertinacity. It was reported in the Russian press at the beginning of the war that, when the German Embassy left the Embassy buildings in Petrograd rather hurriedly, several cellars were discovered full of leaflets exhorting the Russian 'workers' to rise against their Government.

In the United Kingdom they also found several fissures. The line of weakness caused by Irish Nationalism was the most obvious, and of this they took full advantage. But there were many others, at which they had been hammering for some years before the war, as, for example, the thesis developed by Mr. Norman Angell that war meant ruination, and the contrary doctrine — for use in France — that the true cause of war was British 'industrialism.'

The Germans did not usually trouble about the refinements of propaganda, but depended, as in their artillery, on weight of metal. Monsieur André Chéradame says, in *La Mystification des Peuples Alliés:* —

Les Allemands ont maintenant de la propagande l'idée fondamentale suivante: l'expérience de la guerre a démontré que X tonnes de projectiles d'artillerie, bien tirés, déterminent dans un temps X une destruction X; de même l'expérience démontre que X tonnes de papier imprimé, rédigé avec une habileté suffisante et répandu avec l'intensité voulue et sous les camouflages nécessaires, déterminent chez l'adversaire un détraquement de son jugement qui dure un temps suffisant pour qu'on puisse profiter de sa défaillance et en tirer un gigantesque parti.

This admirable writer adds that *expérience progressive* has taught the Germans that, although a lie repeated a hundred times may not be sufficient to distort the truth, the same lie *répété très vite* a million times will force the adversary to take the lie for the truth during a certain time. During that period the victim is in some sort hypnotized, powerless to defend himself with his natural good sense. '*Il subit alors les suggestions les plus absurdes, les plus contraires à ses intérêts et aux réalités.*'

Given a propaganda sufficiently intense, and a whole nation of the propaganded may be reduced to such a point that, if commanded, they would march on their heads, and submit without any sort of protest to their pockets being turned inside out and their country being destroyed. We saw this very clearly in Russia, where a propaganda of extraordinary intensity resulted in a great nation committing suicide. The crowds in the early days of the Russian Revolution went about in an ecstasy of self-abnegation, carrying banners inscribed with the words: 'No annexations, and no indemnities.'

And so in this country. At the beginning of the war a formula of obvious German manufacture, 'democratic control of foreign policy,' was hoisted by the zealous Mr. Morel, who before the war had labored very intelligently to antagonize Belgium and England, with his tales of the Congo atrocities. The formula failed rather dismally for the moment, and a little later Mr. Morel found himself in prison for exporting goods which could not be sold at home. Possibly because he can no longer hope for much from the bourgeoisie, Mr. Morel now guides the foreign policy of the Labor Party, and Trotskii noted with satisfaction that the whole Committee of the Union of Democratic Control had been returned to Parlia-

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ment. [At the Communist International, *vide Communist*, December 23, 1922.]

But the war weariness produced a psychological state in which the propaganda microbe found an easy lodgment; and at the end of the war our English air was full of German propaganda germs, which infected not so much the common people as our politicians and our Government. One of the most disastrous was 'self-determination,' a slogan obviously of foreign origin, since it is not even good English. It had been first used on the northwestern frontiers of Russia, where the Finns, Lithuanians, and other more or less subject races were to be detached from the Russian Empire.

We can hardly suppose that even the most hopeful German could have imagined that such a trap 'set in the sight of the bird' would have caught a British Prime Minister. It certainly would not have caught Queen Elizabeth, nor did it catch the Americans, one of whose ambassadors reported that it was loaded with dynamite. But it caught Mr. Lloyd George, and has been used ever since to our infinite injury in Ireland, in Egypt, in India, and in Africa, and wherever there is an alien race under the care of the British Empire.

It has been said, and it is true, that Germany did not make peace — she carried the war underground; and her post-war attacks on the British Empire had two main lines, one racial, and the other social. The racial design is by appealing to race sentiment to bring every race in the British Empire into antagonism with the English race. It is a policy which has succeeded in Ireland, and it is being attempted also in Wales and in Scotland, as well as in the outer parts of the Empire. As to the German share in the Irish troubles we saw it pretty clearly in the case of Kuno Meyer and Roger Casement. The Irish-American and German-American organizations were interlinked.

The ramifications of this alliance were shown in the case of the Bishopric of Cork, which fell vacant in 1916. On August 23 of that year Count Bernstorff — in America — telegraphed to the German Foreign Office that the Assistant Bishop, Daniel Cohalan, ought to be appointed, as he was 'cousin of Judge Cohalan, and strongly Nationalist and pro-German,' and that German influence should be used in the Vatican to secure that appointment. Will it be believed that, although the telegram was intercepted, Dr. Daniel Cohalan, the German nominee, was appointed to the Bishopric of Cork!

When peace came it was thought more discreet, as well as more convenient, to carry on the work through the agents of the Third International. The rebellion in Ireland gradually changed its character; like a lobster in the pot, it turned from green to red. But the German hand was to be detected from time to time, as for example in the circumstance, reported in the British press at the time, that the great railway-viaduct at Mallow was blown up by German engineers from Krupps.

This brings us again to the dark and equivocal relations between German policy and the underworld of the secret societies. Karl Marx, who worked for Bismarck in the Franco-Prussian War and probably also upon other occasions, served him, one may suppose, not as an individual but as a member of a world-organization, just as Lenin, Trotskii, and Parvus served German statesmanship in Russia in the late war. Parvus was a Jew whose true name was Helphand, a notorious German agent, who declared in an interview that he had contrived the transit

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of Lenin and his friends through Germany. [*L'Éclair*, February 13, 1921.] In 1870, Karl Marx had already laid down the programme of revolution in this country, which he said was to be made by foreigners and was to begin in Ireland. [*The Secret History of the International Working-Men's Association*, by Onslow Yorke (Hepworth Dixon), London, 1872. (Reprinted by the Boswell Publishing Company, 1921.)]

Since that time the Marxian propaganda has gone steadily forward in this country and throughout the British Empire. At the present time it has reached an intensity little suspected by the British public, or indeed by the British Government. There are many organizations, suited to the various classes with which they deal. For the *Intelligentsia* of the bourgeoisie there is the Fabian Society manned by gentlemen of the highbrow order, who profess moderation and detachment. They depend much on intellectual snobbery, and a young student of the long-haired, lacklustre type recently confessed that he went to the summer schools for the privilege of 'passing the salt to Mr. Bernard Shaw.'

A more robust propaganda is carried on by a Red organization, the Plebs League, a body which superintends 'Proletcult' or Marxian propaganda among the 'workers.' There are, moreover, Labor Colleges in London, Kew, Glasgow, and Dublin, which provide a growing army of lecturers trained in the use of Communist slogans, catchwords, and formulas, with a smattering of bourgeois science and culture to help them.

The *New Statesman*, an organ started by Sidney Webb, Bernard Shaw, and others to catch the Moderates, gives some very pretty examples of the 'tendencious' in propaganda. If we might use the chromatic scale to describe these activities, the Fabians are pink, or what are called in America 'parlor' Bolsheviki. They are not, however, to be described as 'suckers,' a term used by the American Reds to denote 'forward-looking' or 'highbrow' gentlemen who work for revolution without knowing it. In this class has been placed the Industrial Christian Fellowship, whose directors, members, and patrons are mainly clergymen and bishops of the Church of England, but include a few 'idealistic' laymen, with a thin and judicious sprinkling of Labor M.P.'s.

The I.C.F. publishes a paper called the *Torch*, which contains tendencious propaganda probably intended to flatter and placate the tigerish Bolshevik. To give one example out of many, we have a series of articles and notes glorifying Bolshevism, as, for example: 'Meanwhile the Bolsheviki are earning national approval and gratitude by (1) showing special kindness and consideration to all children; and (2) doing everything in their power to promote education.' [From the *Torch*, September 1920. Since public attention was drawn to the character of many of the articles in the *Torch*, there has been a great change in the tone of that paper for the better.]

I cannot suppose that the Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the patrons of the I.C.F., who recently protested against the martyrdom of the Orthodox Church in Russia and the imprisonment of the Patriarch Tikhon, knows that the organ of the Industrial Christian Fellowship thus glorifies the Reign of Terror. Are we, therefore, to describe His Grace, as well as his brothers of York and Wales, and such pious prelates as the Bishops of Manchester and Woolwich, to name only a few, as the 'suckers' of the revolutionary movement in this country?

It is hardly to be supposed, by the

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way, that the laity of the Church of England are aware that all their archbishops, most of their bishops, and many of their clergy are so deeply engaged in an organization which publishes a paper supporting not only revolution, but every seditious cause, as for example the Indian Nationalists and Sinn Fein in Ireland. The innocence of the sheep is no less a danger to the fold than the cunning of the wolf.

Contrariwise, I have not discovered that the I.C.F. has made any attempt to oppose the spread of the Red or Communist Sunday Schools in this country. [The Industrial Christian Fellowship and the Communist Sunday Schools are both faithfully dealt with in the *Patriot*, a weekly paper wholly devoted to the cause of fighting the secret and open enemies of society, which contains a great deal of information on this subject.] Yet again we can hardly suppose that the Church of England can approve of a movement which teaches English children the 'slogans' of revolution and atheism.

It has been noted by a careful reporter of these Red Sunday Schools that, whereas the children are invariably English, the teachers are frequently Jewesses, and by a curious lapse the source of the organization for the corruption of English youth has been betrayed in one of its own newspapers. The *Young International* and the *Young Comrade*, printed in English and headed 'London — New York,' have the following imprint: —

> Published by the Young Communist International, Berlin-Schöneberg, Feurigstrasse 63. Editor: E. Hörnle, Berlin-Grunewald, Charlottenbrunnerstrasse 45.

Processions may sometimes be seen in our London streets of children, obviously Anglo-Saxon, blue of eye and flaxen-haired, wearing red badges, and shepherded by sinister-looking aliens. These are the treats and excursions of the Socialist and Communist Sunday Schools — a horrid sight.

With this 'give-away' to support us, we make bold to state that the true source of Bolshevism in Europe is the power of Germany or German-Jewry — almost synonymous terms — and that the design is nothing less than to destroy the British Empire as Russia was destroyed, in the interest of that highly capitalized power.

The *Morning Post* recently published a series of articles entitled 'Our Bolshevist Moles,' giving the secret plans of the Reds in this country for the penetration, not only of the trade unions, but of every sort of public, sporting, and social organization. That the programme is authentic was not denied by the Communist press, nor could it be denied, since printed copies of their secret plans actually exist. Yet the revelations of the *Morning Post* were denounced as a reactionary nightmare by a great part of the British press. That incredulity suggests that the 'suckers' of revolution are not confined to the Church, but permeate British journalism, and are indeed to be found in every rank and class of society.

There is reason to suspect a double propaganda, one part directed to the creation of an active Red Army among the unemployed and the discontented of the proletariat, backed by a strong contingent of Irish and aliens; and the other part to the persuasion of the rest of the people that there is no cause for alarm, and that the 'common sense' and 'stolidity' of the British race is proof against all these incitements. Just as before the Great War anyone who ventured to warn his country of German designs was denounced as 'hysterical' and 'alarmist,' so now those who do their duty in warning the nation of a far greater danger have to

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meet the supercilious cynicism of our political wiseacres.

For my part, a study both of past and present convinces me that the danger is real and imminent. All the conditions of trouble are present — bad trade, high prices, a victorious rebel force in Ireland, and over a million unemployed workmen, to say nothing of the embittered and disillusioned in all classes. The design is nothing less than to destroy the industrial and social systems. It is a design which has been carried through in Russia and is now in full career in Ireland; that it can be defeated is shown by the examples both of the United States and of Italy. If it is to be defeated here there must first be a revival of the old spirit of the nation.

SWAMP STATION

BY EBERHARD SAUER

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, January 25*
(LIBERAL DAILY)

OUR troop train was stalled again. There was no chance of reaching Novonikolaievsk. The station was dark and dirty. The rails had been torn up. The village seemed to be farther away than is usually the case, for no people were waiting to buy from or sell to the passengers. It was already late in the evening. The commandant of the train decided to draw upon the supplies we had brought with us. Each man received a large salmon-like fish. That was fairly satisfactory, for we had plenty of bread. However, the boiler at the railway station was out of order. We could get no hot water, and the fish was frightfully salty.

My chum had a bright idea. He whispered it in my ear, for there were fifteen or twenty others in our compartment, and we were packed so closely together that they might overhear us and get ahead of us.

The result of our whispered conference was that we wrapped up our fish, swallowed a few crusts of dry bread, rolled up in our blankets, and went to sleep. We were thirsty, but in the typhus region that was a minor evil. We dared not touch unboiled water, so it was better to sleep.

Bright and early, before it was fully light, I woke up, and pulled at the hair of my friend, which was the only part of him outside his blanket. He looked at me a moment drowsily, and then remembered. We got up very quietly, meanwhile keeping a sharp eye on our comrades. No one stirred. Stepping over several prostrate bodies, we reached the heavy door, which luckily had just been oiled, and did not creak. Springing out, we landed in the soft mud without a sound, nearly losing our fish as we did so.

Creeping under our train and two others stalled here with us, we reached the station platform. In spite of the early hour, it was far from empty. The water tap near the depot was surrounded by a crowd, although there was not the slightest smoke rising from

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the chimney to suggest hot water. These people were not all from our train. At the head of the line, directly in front of the tap, was a beautifully dressed girl, sitting on a little projection of the wooden building. In spite of the morning chill, she wore thin silk stockings, patent-leather shoes, and a summer waist. A yellow kerchief was tied over her head.

'So,' my friend remarked, 'the refugee train is also stuck.' We had passed this train of refugees westward bound from the famine district several times already. The passengers were mostly family groups with whatever household effects they had been able to bring with them. They were in a much worse situation than we were, because they had brought no provisions.

'Perhaps we can sell our fish here,' I said hopefully.

Indeed, the girl called to us at once. 'Are those fish? What do you want for them?'

My friend, in whose hands I left such weighty negotiations, replied: 'A pound of butter each.'

She burst into laughter. 'Who would give you that? Five hundred rubles for the two.'

It was our turn to laugh. We did not want money. She saw that, but she made another attempt. 'Five hundred for each, and a cup of tea. You will not get any hot water at the end of the line there.'

The boiler was very small, the queue of waiting people very long. It was a tempting offer, assuming that there would be hot water. She saw our hesitation, and added quickly: 'I have a samovar. If you will get me some wood, I can promise you hot water in any case.'

We had been thirsty all night, and our mouths were parched. Should we accept? I must confess that I was disposed to do so. Perhaps it was partly on the girl's account. Had some ragged old ruffian made the offer, I do not know what I should have said. But my friend was inflexible. Speaking in a low voice on account of the queue of waiters—a needless precaution, for the stupid natives knew no Russian — he said: 'We are going to the village.'

The girl's merriment was so spontaneous that my respect for my friend's bright scheme vanished in a moment. 'Then you should have got up earlier,' she said. 'The whole village already has plenty of fish. You have competitors.'

In fact a fellow was just then creeping from under a coal car on the farther track, with six fish hanging by a string around his neck. He hastened off as fast as his feet would carry him, in the direction of the village. My friend with some difficulty repressed a curse, and took after him.

'I'll drink tea with you when you get back,' the girl called after us; but we paid no attention, for we were already having an angry argument as to who was responsible for our unhappy delay. My friend insisted that I always messed things up at just the wrong time, while I very justly objected that it was he who was selling the fish, and not I. He should have gone about his business betimes.

The sight of the broad meadow behind the railway station was not calculated to restore our good humor. In every direction we could see people hurrying off with fish. Where did they come from? Some were already on their way back, concealing little packages under their clothing. Apparently everyone had hit upon the same bright idea that we had. None the less, we hastened on. Perhaps we might strike something yet. Soon we were laboring in a muddy bog, and only with difficulty did we reach the village. At every step we passed somebody returning,

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who looked at us either with pity or with malicious joy. Was it really too late?

Then we began to pass people bringing back their fish. They told us: 'Nothing more doing.'

My friend set his teeth and kept on. We reached the village. The wooden sidewalk was so slippery that we could hardly stand on it. Everywhere else was fathomless mud. Contrary to our expectation, there were few people in the wide village street. The fish-sellers seemed to have dispersed in every direction. Most of the houses were still locked, and heaps of village refuse barred their entrances.

There was no hope of disposing of our fish in the street itself. We must try to get into the houses, in spite of the dirt. Slabs and pieces of wood had been thrown down here and there to step upon, but they afforded only a precarious foothold. Often they would tip up and shower us with a muddy spray, and our boots were soon smeared with tenacious brown slime.

We met a peasant. 'Want to sell your fish?' he asked. But he would give only money, and when we refused it he cursed us roundly. We kept on our way. Finally we met a peasant woman. She stopped and looked at us. 'Half a pound of butter for the two fish.'

My friend stuck to his price — a pound of butter for each. The woman laughed, and we picked our way farther on the slippery slabs. Someone called to us from the other side of the road, but we could not get across. The brown bog seemed to have no bottom.

After perhaps half an hour of this, we came at length to a place where there was no one in sight. We had stopped at a cabin here and there, but had either been offered money or told that they wanted no fish. But we kept on, though we had given up hope. Naturally we did not confess this to each other, but each knew what the other thought. At length we reached a point where the mud was not quite so bad. The road was furrowed with ruts and full of holes, but the ground was frozen. Here there were no more houses. We had reached the farthest limits of the village and nothing but dreary white fields lay beyond. Should we turn around and knock at every door, or should we go back to the station, accept the girl's offer, and at least get a little tea with our dry bread?

'Want to sell your fish?' someone suddenly said behind us. We turned around, and saw a pleasant little peasant woman with a basket of eggs on her arm.

My chum measured up to the occasion. My respect for him returned. Unshaken by our unhappy experience so far, he said: 'A pound of butter for each.'

The peasant woman smiled and looked us over from head to foot. Then she stepped to the door of the house from which she had just come — the last house in the village — and invited us in. She carefully took the fish from my friend, which indicated that she accepted our price. We stood dumb with astonishment in the low door. When she returned, her face showed genuine regret. Unhappily she could give us only a pound of butter, but would we take a piece of bacon for the rest? Upon receiving our prompt affirmative, she led us into a well-filled storeroom, chatting away about the civil war and the famine while she wrapped up our butter and bacon. Thank God, things were going well with her. As a proof of it, she pointed with pride to her stores.

The railway line ran directly behind her house, and afforded the only decent highway. We managed with some difficulty to reach it, and got back to the station with comparative ease.

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From a fill we could look down into the brown swamp where the villagers had built their homes. What could have induced them to settle in such a morass? In any case, they were under no illusion as to the site they selected, for it was called Swamp Station.

The neighborhood of the stalled trains was a scene of great activity. To be sure, there was no hot water, but people were promenading in groups between the tracks, condoling with each other over our long delay. Our regimental band was perched upon the roof of a freight car, and the fat trumpeter was favoring the crowd with a super-sentimental rendition of *An der Weser*. Soldiers and peasants were jostling each other in the narrow passages between the trains. Most of the refugee ladies had brought only their best clothes with them when they left home, and were perforce dressed as if they were expecting to attend a court ball. The station platform was crowded with fish-sellers. The price had gone down to fifty rubles, and one fellow was very proud because he had got two eggs for six fish. We rejoined our fellow passengers with an exceedingly high opinion of our skill as traders.

Of course the girl we had spoken to in the morning was among them. She called to us: 'I have made tea.'

'We have butter.'

She merely turned pale. 'The tea is still hot,' she stammered. 'I put a fur cap over the samovar.'

Could we resist such an invitation? She saw at once that we could not have our little party either in her car or in our own. We did not have enough butter, and she did not have enough tea for all who would be present. Finally we agreed to meet at a coal car that was snowed in on a side track some distance from the station. We took our bread and butter there, and she brought her samovar. The car was full of coal dust, and not exactly the place for transparent silk stockings. We rigged up a table from broken boxes, the butter was put into a blue jam-tin, the girl's yellow kerchief served as a tablecloth. We even gathered splinters enough to start the samovar again, until it bubbled merrily to the accompaniment of the distant music of the band. The girl played the housewife and set the table.

Altogether it was a blissful occasion. What more could human beings want?

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OUR FINANCES SAFE

BY PIERRE MILLE

From *Le Temps, February 25*
(SEMIOFFICIAL OPPORTUNIST DAILY)

'MONSIEUR,' the Unknown said to me solemnly, 'behold in me the savior of France!'

'Indeed!'

'Indeed, sir. While we are waiting for the Ruhr to prove a paying proposition, I have prepared for your consideration a plan by means of which the equilibrium of our budget may be established, and consequently cause our national money to rise in value above par, or to half par, or perhaps to one-third par; for, curiously enough, no two economists have ever been able to agree on just which of these is the most advantageous for us, or the least harmful. And I am sure I don't want to get into hot water with these expert gentlemen. What I am after is to restore to France a condition of happiness and prosperity unknown since the days of Louis XII of extinct memory.'

'If you are really in possession of such a valuable secret,' I ventured, 'why do you not first profit by it yourself, applying it to the security of your own fortune, thus following the advice given long ago by, I think, Xenophon: "Well-ordered charity begins at home"? And besides this excellent counsel of the author of the *Œconomics* there are many other maxims to the same effect. Your personal appearance does not predicate exactly a state of opulence.'

As a matter of fact, he exhibited, with his somewhat tattered raiment, a condition far removed from luxury. It disclosed a man who had seen better days and retained nothing of them but bitter memories.

'You mean that my aspect does not prejudice you in my favor? It will be less a matter of surprise to you when I inform you that I am a vineyard-owner. Ah, monsieur, what a fate is mine and that of those in my situation! Do you appreciate with sufficient clearness how absolutely desperate is the condition of France to-day? They tell us that not sufficient wheat was grown last year — the price of bread is rising! And France groans in discouragement.

'But I reply that there was a superabundance of grapes, that Bacchus was extraordinarily favorable to us — the price of wine is falling! And still we groan. Everything that happens is an evil; even the gifts of Heaven are regarded as misfortunes. We won the war, and the French are complaining, "It might be better if we had lost it!" That's the pass we've got to, monsieur — that's where we are!

'But, mark well, I have developed an idea, and I am convinced that it is a good one. I said to myself: "Very well, since the wines of lesser quality are unsalable, let us make good out of evil; let us improve the quality. I therefore distilled a portion of my crop in order to put the alcohol into the wine that I kept. That's better than watering it, far more advantageous.

'But the Government got after me immediately. "Aha, you are manufacturing alcohol; very well, pay the tax on alcohol!" I thought to ameliorate

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my condition and I made it worse. I am ruined — absolutely ruined!

'And what recourse have I? It is a subject for derision. The Minister of Agriculture thus harangues his fellow citizens: "It is true that we have too little bread and too much wine. Very well, the remedy is simple: don't eat any bread, or eat as little as possible, but drink a lot, drink as much as you can hold. The more the merrier — don't stint yourselves!" And the Minister of Finance raises his voice in his turn: "It is not to be denied that we have come to a crisis. Yes, a mild crisis; but you can see that it comes from the fall of the franc. That raises the price of indispensable raw materials, and nothing is now bought that is not absolutely necessary. Therefore you wine-growers can't sell your product. But I advise you, all the same, to pay your legitimate taxes, for that will tend to send the value of the franc up again. These taxes have been increased once already — I am going to increase them again by twenty per cent. It is for your own good."

'*Eh bien*, monsieur, I have been inspired with another idea, a very monarch among ideas — an idea which will be the salvation of France and of her wine-growers. Listen!

'I demand that we shall return to the admirable, benevolent, and millennial customs of our ancient monarchy. Did they appoint any functionaries, these dear, regretted old monarchs? Never in the world! On the contrary, positions were bought, like those of head waiters in the great hotels to-day. All the positions were unsalaried. You ask how the office-holders managed to live? They took their salaries out of their collections. They were paid by the percentage, the *pot-de-vin!* Very well, then, I demand the reëstablishment of this antique custom — I demand the reëstablishment of payment by the wine-pot!

'I beg you to reflect that this is not at all incompatible with an advanced state of civilization. Was Russia, before the advent of Bolshevism, civilized or not? At all events, she appeared to be, which is sufficient for the enjoyment of credit; she certainly made a pretty good showing. Well, and how did she pay her functionaries? She left them to help themselves — from the pot-de-vin! And from the day when this wise provision was abolished, there has been nothing but chaos and disorder in Russia. If you hear of any improvement in conditions there, you may be sure that they are reintroducing the legitimate and salutary system of the pot-de-vin.

'And how about ourselves during the war? It is hinted that the system was more or less in vogue, in the markets. We had the culpable imprudence to proceed against those who put it in force and gained by it, though it was perhaps on its account that we won, for we certainly did win. What ingratitude!

'Very well, monsieur, there you have my remedy. Let us abolish in future every sort of public gratuity, of whatever description, establishing in its place the inviolable and permanent principle of unsalaried service. But, on the other hand, the principle of the pot-de-vin — is it called graft in English? — shall be declared not only to be legitimate, but to be the only just, legal, and intelligent manner of recompensing government functionaries. *Vive* the farming of our taxes!

'The State will immediately find itself relieved of a formidable, a crushing burden. It will no longer have to bear the expense of paying its employees, and the equilibrium of its budget will be reëstablished as if by magic. The profiteers of London and

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New York who have been gambling on the fall of the franc will drink bitter beer and eat their bread in sorrow; gold will pour into the coffers of the Banque de France, and it will be necessary only to prevent the franc from rising too high above par, since it seems to be as bad for us to have our money worth too much as not enough. In a word, the National Treasury will show so enormous an increase of receipts over expenditures that the Chamber will vote me a statue!

'But I shall refuse this monument. My modesty will prevent my accepting this homage, even if it is my rightful due. I wish only to stand for solid principles. I am thinking of myself and my brothers, the unfortunate vineyard-owners. I shall reply: "No, no! I want nothing except that the pot-de-vin shall be a real pot of wine, to be used *in natura*, and that it shall be genuine wine, and nothing else, that is used to pay governmental salaries."

'And in this way, monsieur, wine will become the legal tender of France. In Germany it has been proposed to do the same with coal, that being the principal product of our neighbors on the East. What is the principal product of France? Wine! Very well, then, why should not wine become the basis of our monetary system?

'The salary of every official shall be paid in wine. I see no objection or inconvenience in adjusting the different qualities of the vintages to the rank of the functionary. For example, cabinet ministers, ambassadors, admirals, generals, and prefects may be remunerated with the very best vintages of Champagne, Burgundy, or Bordeaux. The treasury collectors also, for the reason that, since they will be in charge of the distribution, it will be wiser not to expose their probity to too great temptations.

'Possibly a similar privilege might be extended to members of the Senate and Chamber, and their salaries, or rather rations, can be paid them by the quæstor.

'As to subprefects, heads of departments, and the like, people of more modest demands and accustomed to content themselves with less, they will be satisfied with vintages of the second quality, the less expensive wines of Touraine and Anjou; and the torrents of very good *vin ordinaire* that flow down from the vineyard-covered hills of Hérault and the Gard will fill the vats of the army of lesser functionaries of every description. I do not forget our dear Alsace-Lorraine, but I assume that, up till the time when these provinces which we have happily reannexed will have become completely French, her functionaries, accustomed as they are to a special regimen, will be willing to consume the products of their own neighborhood.

'There, sir, is my proposition! You perceive how simple it is, how luminous, how overwhelming its advantages. I cannot doubt that you will approve it, and I confidently expect the same of all my countrymen. It cannot be otherwise!

'Ah!'

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BRAZILIAN DAYS AND NIGHTS

BY AAGE DRARUP NIELSEN

[*The following article is an extract from a book by a Danish physician who traveled into the Antarctic on a whaling vessel. It is entitled* Durch die Tropen zum Südpolarmeer.]

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, February* 21
(Berlin Daily, Hugo Stinnes Press)

No one who sees Rio de Janeiro to-day, lying among the gleaming waves of the mighty ocean and surrounded by blue mountains, can believe that only twenty or thirty years ago this city was a pesthole that filled every seafarer with fear. Even to-day the inscriptions in Rio's cemeteries tell many a tragic story of ships' crews, every member of which, from captain to cabin boy, died of yellow fever. More than one sailing ship from the north rotted in harbor at Rio while its crew rested in the red soil of the cemetery, and no one remained to take the vessel on her homeward course. The Italian Government was once compelled to dispatch an entirely new crew in order to take over a great warship that had come on an official visit, the entire crew of which had fallen victim to the devastating plague. Later the bones of the dead were taken to Italy and there buried. A great monument in the white cemetery remains to tell the story of the tragedy. But to-day one strolls out on the quay on the Place Quinze de Novembre into a country where slender palms and green branches wave friendly greeting to the traveler, and need no longer fear for his health.

The distinction of bringing about this change belongs to Dr. Oswald Cruz, the Brazilian physician who, trained at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, was called by President Rodriguez Alves in 1903 to reform the sanitary administration of Rio. Anyone who has any conception of the ideas of cleanliness that obtain among dwellers in southern lands will imagine what a gigantic task it was and what stern regulations were required to make this into one of the cleanest cities of the world within the space of a few years.

President Alves, who held office from 1902 to 1906, was a striking personality of unusual energy, and even to-day Brazil owes him a debt of gratitude. Characteristic for its impulsiveness was his action in having the most unwholesome quarter of Rio leveled in order to create a spacious avenue. With pencil and ruler he drew a line over the city map. Here the magnificent new street was to lie. He allowed the owners of the property through which the line ran to come to him and he ascertained the value of their houses. If their claims seemed reasonable, he added twenty-five per cent to the valuation, and in this way his new measure became instantly popular. After about two years the old quarter had vanished and along with it a precipice through which the presidential pencil stroke had passed; and in their place stood the magnificent Avenida Rio Branco, ready for use, two kilometres long, forty metres wide, and lined with stately buildings.

But not all of President Alves's reforms were greeted by the populace with joy. One was the excuse for a

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little revolution. It concerned the introduction of compulsory vaccination, which the credulous populace regarded as a kind of poisoning. People assaulted the police, destroyed the street cars and electric lines, and threw up barricades throughout the city. Even in the military school revolution broke out. But the President, retaining his presence of mind, fortified his palace and sent what troops he had against the rioters. After the leaders of the uprising — a general and a colonel — had fallen in the street fighting, it was easy enough for him to restore order. When a week had passed, it was possible to go ahead with the vaccination.

In former days, Rio was always being swept by revolution and military revolts, which frequently smacked strongly of comic opera. If one party got control of the army and the customs, then the other would secure control of the islands and the forts in the bay, and of the fleet. The fighting was perfectly fair, though carried on with such a degree of fanaticism that the combatants stopped firing whenever a neutral steamer signaled through violent toots of her whistle her desire to enter the harbor. On the waterfront promenade, where one party's artillery was in position, the 'neutral citizens' could walk in peace and comfort in order to see how the revolution was getting on. At the price of ten milreis one could secure the privilege of firing a cannon at the revolutionists, and for twenty-six milreis one could have the privilege of firing at one of the little islands where some particular enemy lived whom the firer wanted to give an unpleasant reminder. It was all very idyllic.

In the year 1910 an occurrence took place that threw the populace into a paroxysm of terror. The crews of two big dreadnoughts that had just been brought back from England mutinied, because of certain provisions for punishment in naval law. They struck down their officers and turned the guns on the city. A mulatto sailor, João Candido, made himself admiral, and threatened to hammer the whole city of Rio into dust. In the city not a single measure was taken to reduce these mutinous sailors to obedience. For four long days the city trembled, and then the National Assembly decided to make the punishments lighter and to declare an amnesty for the mutineers. However, the first thing that was done when the sailors came on shore was to take their leaders in custody, and the story goes that most of them vanished into captivity on Governador Island without leaving a trace.

There are none too many scruples in Brazil when it is a question of putting agitators out of the way. When, not long ago, Bolshevism began to show its head in Brazil, the whole group of agitators was dispatched to the inner districts of Northern Brazil, where the heat is intolerable and fever rages. When protest was raised against the treatment of these people, the protesters were invited to go themselves and see conditions with their own eyes. They went, to be sure, but it was noticeable that they stayed there. Since that time nothing has been heard of Bolshevism in Brazil.

A citizen of Brazil is seriously offended if a stranger betrays his ignorance of the fact that Brazil contributed to winning the World War. The Germans who have settled in the country maintain, however, that the only military activities of the Brazilians were target practice and the regulation of the German restaurants and business houses in Rio, or measures against the German colonists. In many cases the latter were driven out of house and home without consideration, and deprived of all they owned. Sometimes

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this summary action carried its own revenge with it in a fashion that was not anticipated. Thus, in the idyllic little town of Petropolis, which lies far up in the mountains and is several hours by railway from other towns, the only regular baker, being a German, was driven out. The result was that the people had to put up with bad bread.

The Brazilians insist that the Germans themselves were to blame for the ill treatment they received. In the first days of the war flag-bedecked busts of the Kaiser and Hindenburg were displayed in the German quarters, and at every German success rockets were sent up, the victory was celebrated, and *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles* was sung. This went on until the first Brazilian steamer was torpedoed, and the tempest broke loose.

Through the war Brazil came into possession of a considerable merchant-fleet consisting of surrendered German vessels. The Brazilians, however, are by no means remarkable as sailors. In the harbor of Rio we passed a former German freighter, flying the Brazilian flag, that had been three quarters of a year on the voyage from Cádiz with salt. With malicious satisfaction the Germans explained that the Brazilian crew sailed only with a favoring wind.

In spite of war, however, the hatred of Germany is not very strong, and there is an endeavor to resume business relations. This process has been aided by the way in which the Americans used the situation. The Brazilians constantly say that the country would have had to bleed countless millions in order to pay the exorbitant and increased price of goods imposed by the United States, in spite of all agreements and contracts, when it found itself selling its manufactures without competition.

Experienced dwellers in Brazil who have spent a number of years in the country, and have had opportunity also to become acquainted with other corners of our globe, have compared Brazil with Russia as it was before the war, both in its good and in its bad qualities. Although the two countries — so far as geographical position and national stocks are concerned — are as different as day and night, here in Brazil we find the same incredible natural resources and possibilities and the same incapacity of the people to turn them to good use; the same immense contrast between the riches and luxury of the highest classes, and the poverty of the lowest; the same innate love of country; the same pride in it, coupled with an exploitation of the state that is quite without limit.

While Russia lies sunk in hopeless chaos, however, development in Brazil goes forward with swift strides. In 1922 all countries were invited to partake in an exposition and celebration at Rio in memory of the centennial of Brazilian independence, and this event was celebrated in such dazzling fashion that the fame of the beautiful country of Brazil, with its rich future possibilities, was spread far and wide.

When a man has somewhat recovered from the first varied and overpowering impressions, he soon reaches the point where nothing in Rio can surprise him; he gives up trying to classify or understand what he sees, but takes it unclassified in his big chest of traveling impressions on the top of which the label, 'Rio de Janeiro,' is written, and in which variegated and beautiful memories are enclosed.

I shall always remember the Mercado in Rio, the magnificent market-hall where all the strange fruits and curious animals of Brazil are for sale, ranging all the way from armadillos, young leopards, poisonous serpents (very

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much alive), tiger cats, and humming birds, to mangoes, bananas, and all the other products of the land, of whose name and mere existence I previously did not know. In the first cool hours of the morning, industrious activity reigns here if by chance the fishermen put in with great heaps of strange fish from the sea, which lie in the gleaming sunbeams glittering with all the colors of the rainbow, as if brought hither by magic from some far world of fairyland. I shall think, in time to come, of the banana merchants balancing their heavy-laden baskets on their heads, where for fifty reis a man can get big, fresh, fragrant fruit. I shall think, too, of the donkey-drivers who drive their animals down from the interior laden with heavy loads of bananas, and sell them for one or two milreis. Only a few miles from Rio, millions of these excellent fruits are hanging from the trees and rotting because there is no one to pick them.

But, as I have said before, this is a land where one ceases to wonder at anything. One does not even feel any amazement that Rio alone, together with its nearest suburb, has almost five hundred kilometres of asphalt streets, of which the greater part are automobile roads or pleasure drives which lead through the most beautiful parts of the surrounding country, while in the interior of the land territory worth millions lies uncultivated because there are no commercial roads or railways. One day I went into a big store to see whether I might chance on a collection of poetry, in the study of which a Brazilian lady was helping me, and there I made the discovery that this people possesses a rich store of lyrics — even though an overwhelming proportion of the nation can neither read nor write.

ON NEVER GOING TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM

BY Y. Y.

[A recent proposal to charge admission to the British Museum has roused a good deal of protest in London — not all so good-natured as Y. Y.'s.]

From the *New Statesman, March* 17
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

How enthusiastic the natural man is over museums and art galleries! Something in me responds as I read in a leading article in the *Times* that 'there is no reason why almost any Londoner should not, if the museums and galleries were always open for nothing, be able to constitute himself a connoisseur of beauty.' Not for me, I know, to constitute myself a connoisseur of beauty after this fashion; but even I, who seldom enter a museum or art gallery except during a visit to a foreign town, have dreamed of spending long days in public buildings, from the walls of which the world's genius looked down on me, a trembling initiate, or in which the world's knowledge was preserved

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in glass cases to be passed on to me as an almost private possession.

Before I came to London I thought of it chiefly as a city of theatres, concert halls, and museums and galleries of the arts. I imagined that any sane Londoner, outside his working hours, would be either listening to music or looking at pictures on such occasions as he was not reading a book or seeing a play.

It is odd what a hunger for the arts one had at that age, as though perpetually hoping to discover in a book or a picture the keys of Heaven. The very names of certain authors and artists made one vibrate with a sense of impending revelation, even if one had never read or seen a line of their work. I remember my excitement on first hearing the name of Walter Savage Landor, and how I went out with the first shillings I had and bought his verse in the Canterbury Poets and his prose in the Camelot Classics and all but persuaded myself for months, though with more and more difficulty, that here were the keys, or were going to be the keys, at last.

Then there was Schubert. Then there was Wagner. One went to one's first Wagner opera in the sure and certain hope that a new door would be opened, and lo! doors vaster even than one had dreamed swung wide on their hinges. Those were days in which it was possible to go to the opera twice in a day and not feel weary — to sit through *Mignon* in the afternoon and to go to *Lohengrin* in the evening. If London seemed desirable then it was chiefly as a city in which the opera lasted, not for a week only, but for a season.

Had it been foretold me that a time would come when *The Ring* would be produced in London and when I, though a Londoner by settlement, would remain away from it, not merely with cheerfulness, but almost with a feeling of relief, I should have laughed at the falsehood. But *The Ring* has been produced in London more than once since then, and I have not heard it yet. I doubt if I shall ever hear it. I no longer expect to find the keys just there. I do not even buy Wagner rolls for the piano-player. Yet I would once have sworn that Wagner was greater than St. Paul or Robert Louis Stevenson.

As for the museums and picture galleries, how great was their lure three hundred miles away! The picture galleries, perhaps, were less exciting in prospect than the concert rooms, and the British Museum than the picture galleries. But, as at least half of my friends were painters, I had an ardent enough faith in Turner and Rembrandt and Velasquez to believe that they were the possessors of the keys if I could but find them. I had always felt a foreigner and an ignoramus in the presence of pictures, enjoying them rather as one enjoys a strange town in which a language is being spoken around one that one does not understand, but I had no doubt that I had only to become familiar with them in order to be as powerfully affected by them as I was by music.

The British Museum, too, would disclose to me the secrets of Greece, where there was beauty not only in the faces of men and women but in their words — nay, which is most difficult of all, in their very actions. More than this, the reading-room was there to convert me into a scholar, if I wished, with shelves of learning that Faust might have envied.

To go to London, indeed, was to go on a pilgrimage to a city which was a vast storehouse of beauty and wisdom that were to be had almost for the asking. It may seem all the more unaccountable that, on arriving in London,

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a lonely loafer in a lonely attic in Pimlico, I immediately went out and bought a map of the town and spent my first evening in a seat in the gallery of the old Gaiety Theatre. Had you been as deeply in love with Miss Marie Studholme as I had been in my 'teens, I do not think you would have regarded this as too base a declension from the ideal. Love transforms even *The Toreador* into something more charming and desirable than the lost plays of Menander.

The next day a man whom I had known as a medical student and who was acting as *locum tenens* somewhere in the East End called on me, and, after showing me the house where the Baroness Burdett-Coutts lived—which everybody, for some strange reason, used to show me—and the house where the Duke of Devonshire lived and Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace and Mooney's, took me off later in the day to Whitechapel, where, after a dish of tripe, we spent the evening getting into the way of actors and actresses behind the scenes at the Christmas pantomime. I confess I should have preferred to buy a seat, and I should have preferred still more not to see the pantomime at all, but I was in the hands of fate, which seemed to be bearing me further and further away from Schubert and G. F. Watts—how we worshiped him in those days!—and Phidias.

Next to call on me was a painter whom I had known since we were small boys. He took me out and put me on the top of a horse-bus, pointed out the house where the Baroness Burdett-Coutts lived and the house where the Duke of Devonshire lived, and ultimately led me into a public house in Fleet Street, explaining as we went in: 'Old Johnson used to come here.' Well, an association with Dr. Johnson was at least ennobling, but this was not the reading-room of the British Museum.

Then my friend took me out to Hampstead and into an inn afterward famous in song as the Old Bull and Bush, explaining, after the fashion of a man of letters, 'Old Hazlitt used to come here.' That night I spent with him at Hampstead. On the next afternoon he proposed that we should go to Battersea on a visit to the studio of another artist whose name has become a household word since then. When we reached the Pier Hotel at Albert Bridge, he said, 'Let's go in here,' and, as we waited to be served, he speculated on the possibility that 'Old Whistler used to come in here' when he was painting his Battersea Bridge!

Never before had I lived in such a whirl of literary and artistic associations. I might not be seeing many pictures or reading many books, but I was following in the footsteps of the great painters and the great writers with an almost doglike fidelity. My friend was a perfect master of the literary geography of London, though, indeed, when he led me into a most unpromising-looking tavern in St. Martin's Lane on the plea that 'Old Stevenson used to come here,' I began to suspect that he was playing on my credulity.

Still, there were pauses between the lessons, during which we did visit the Turner rooms in the National Gallery and gaze at Rain, Steam, and Speed as at one of the wonders of the world in ruins. My friend's chief method of expressing his enthusiasm, as he stood before a picture he liked, was to say merely, 'By God, old chap!' or 'By God, Willie!' or 'By God, Rupert!' and to nod his head, as if in despair of ever rivaling so great a miracle. And so he spoke before the blue cloak of the Mother of God in a Titian, and before the ox and the ass and the divine nursery under a hill of roads winding among

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cypresses in a Fra Lippo Lippi, or before a base king portrayed by Velasquez, or before Rembrandt portrayed by himself.

And, indeed, if we idled a good deal of our time in other places, he talked by preference even there of writers and artists — of Hazlitt and Lamb and Sir Thomas Browne, of Turner and Corot and Millet, and above all of Wordsworth, whom he revered as a poet but detested as a man. I cannot remember his ever once saying, 'Old Wordsworth used to come here.'

Thus my pilgrimage to London was, as it were, defeated at the very outset. And even to-day I have heard little of that music and seen few of those pictures and read few of those books that were once like the stars circling round the star of guiding in a dark world. I seldom hear any good music except such as I play with my own feet. I do not go to one opera in a year. I have been once in the Tate Gallery since the war, and not even once in the National Gallery. I have been in the British Museum, but only in order to see a civil servant.

I am always on the point of breaking through this indolence and taking up the pilgrimage at the point at which I dropped out of it so many years ago, but, when it comes to the practical issue whether I shall go to a picture gallery or go home, I invariably find myself mounting a bus and going home. Theoretically, I haunt museums and galleries and concert halls. If they were closed I should feel an infinitely poorer man, as though my income of possible pleasures had been cut down. I love the National Gallery and the British Museum, indeed, as noble reserves of pleasure on which I can draw at need. I can bear not visiting them, but I could not bear so easily not having them to visit.

Hence, I join ardently in every protest against closing a museum or charging for admission to it. I do not like the potential I who visits such places to be hampered in this way. It is not that I myself mind paying sixpence, but the potential I — who, as I have said, frequents museums much more than I do — might not have a sixpence.

And, after all, the museums and art galleries exist for potential visitors as well as for actual visitors. They are a part of the rich surroundings of our lives. They make London almost worth living in, whereas without them it would be a wilderness. I like to feel that somewhere or other in the neighborhood troops of people are shuffling round high rooms, peering at pictures and staring at statues and paying a puzzled reverence to antiquity. They are our representatives in the public appreciation of the arts just as the people who attend political meetings are our representatives in keeping alive the flame of democratic government.

Do not think that one enjoys a picture or a statue the less for never having seen it. The Mona Lisa never seemed so wonderful as before we had been to Paris, and the Winged Victory would have been as lovely as winds and waters in our imaginations even though we had never been to the Louvre or seen so much as a photograph of it. There is a pleasure in knowing that a thing exists in the same world with us. There is another pleasure in knowing that a thing exists in the same neighborhood with us.

London does not mean to me merely the people and the plane trees I see from the top of the bus on my way to the office, or the pavements and policemen, the lamps and the loiterers, I see out of the window of a taxi on my way to dinner. It means all the great composers constantly coming to life again in concert halls and theatres, all the great painters surviving in the quiet

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paradise of the National Gallery, all the great sculptors and all the great authors, a majestic congregation in the British Museum. Why, it is a pleasure, when walking along Adelphi Terrace, to feel 'Bernard Shaw lives there,' even though he is not to be seen at the window.

It is a pleasure, too, to enjoy the art of the day by proximity and to know that somewhere or other the pictures of Mr. Augustus John and Mr. Henry Lamb and Mr. Nevinson are being exhibited, though the show is usually over before one has had time to go to it. And it is a pleasure to be contemporary with Mr. Arnold Bax and Mr. Arthur Bliss and to live in a constant anticipation of hearing their work otherwise than through one's admirable representative, the regular concertgoer.

The pleasures of proximity have never yet had justice done to them. It is chiefly they, however, that make London so much more desirable a city to live in than Birmingham or Manchester. It is because they mean so much to us that, if the British Museum or National Gallery were burned down, we should regard it not only as a public calamity but as one of the great personal calamities of our lives.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE PARALYTIC

BY CLAUDE GÉVEL

From *Le Mercure de France, March* 1
(CLERICAL CONSERVATIVE SEMIMONTHLY)

THE whole countryside had known this strange pair for many years — these two creatures who were but a single being. One of them carried the other, who, in turn, guided their path through the streets of the little town, through the countryside and the suburbs. They lived happily, owing their happiness to common misfortunes.

They had no need to beg for alms. The burgher, whom they passed under the arcades in the rue des Tanneurs, would put his hand in his pocket and give them a few sous without being asked. At the gates of the town, the sentinels, from their deep niches in the wall, would signal to the men-at-arms: and from the smoky sentry-box, as they passed, they would be given scraps of food and sometimes a bowl of spiced wine along with rough pleasantries. They had their calling day at the castle and at each of the surrounding farmhouses, just like the parish priest. They would find their corner in the barn well provided with straw, and, in the steaming iron cauldron, thick soup to regale them. Never did a wagon on the road fail to stop and pick them up, saving them part of their journey; and when it started on its heavy way it seemed to bow beneath the weight of some fantastic scarecrow.

Above all else they found a marvelous pleasure in their enforced friendship — the blind man's shoulders were accustomed to their daily burden. He walked along erect at an even pace. A word from the paralytic would bring sight to his sealed eyes.

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In this way, he could appreciate the beauty of the church that had been built in the Place du Rosaire on the site of the one that had been destroyed by a thunderbolt a century ago; he saw the tower, with three variously sculptured balustrades, rearing itself, and the clock, shaped like a mitre, standing out in relief against the west portal, where on the shady side new scenes from the Old Testament came to life every day, and on the sunny side scenes of the Passion shone forth in the gold and red and violet colors of the stained-glass windows that told the legendary tale of the life of Saint Mary of Egypt; he knew how sumptuous a house the great cloth-merchant Clément, enriched by his commerce with the Indies, had built, with its little outhouse of wrought iron, with its windows decorated with gross episodes taken from some of the farces famous in that district; he admired the sundial on the first story, in which the pleasant device, 'Ora pro nobis,' was inscribed in letters of gold, and on which delicately wrought statues of women were sculptured, each of whom held, in the supple folds of her garments, a charming symbol of the master of the house: a comb, a shuttle, or a brush to give brilliant lustre to a roll of cloth.

The paralytic also described to him the splendor of the earth, whose hues are more varied and changeable than the songs of the birds; the curious shape of the trees, and the long ribbon of silver or gold or of the color of the sky that the tranquil stream traced along beside them, hour by hour.

There was only one discordant subject between the two: each one pretended to be the less useful member of their association. They disputed the subject endlessly, both as firmly convinced as two people always are who do not know what they are talking about. Through shame, the paralytic affected not to prize beyond all measure the joy of seeing; and the blind man would never mention his fatigue. The paralytic was always the first to propose calling a halt, and, for fear of becoming too heavy a load, he never ate his fill without reproaching himself.

One day a rumor passed through the town. The arrival was announced of a man named Martin, the fame of whose saintliness and virtue went before him. Forgetful of himself, he would give his bread to the poor and share his own clothes with them. When he fell into the hands of brigands, one night in the Alps, his ardent faith entirely converted them; he had unmasked the spirit of a false martyr whom people worshiped; he had put out a fire, appearing in its very flames; a falling pine had swerved as it crashed to earth in order not to crush him; animals obeyed his voice. Recently a new power had been revealed in him: simply by laying on his hands, he could cure disease.

From all over the country came lepers, lame people, men stricken with fever, paralytics, mothers carrying their children and children leading their mothers, old men covered with sores, men and women with grotesque deformities, rich and poor, indistinguishable because of similar infirmities, good men and bad joined together by their shameful sickness, running to demand and to praise the miracle that was theirs by right. And, on contact with Martin, the sores healed up, blood ran more vigorously and pure under the skin, lame men walked, blind men suddenly saw the night that had enveloped all their world fall away.

The little town, suddenly overrun by all this human misery, exalted by all these hopes, embellished with all this joy, was soon transformed into a great court of miracles.

Silently the days began, with the offering up of prayers. Then, in an

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instant, the bewildered clamor for acts of grace, rising to a vociferous pitch as if each person wanted to attract divine attention by shouting louder than anyone else. But among the crowd that was crushed into the outer court of the church, in the procession that pressed close on the footsteps of the holy man, Martin, among those who fought for the privilege of kissing the ground that his foot had just trod, fighting to seize furtively the hem of his patched garment, never did the deformed creature appear that carried two heads and two bodies on a single pair of legs.

Only at night, when all the town slept, did their fantastic shadow trace itself between the pillars of the arcade and along the walls that it skirted. During the day, a few people saw them making their way down obscure, deserted alleys, or, beyond the gates, plunging into barren ravines and entering the forest. The blind man and the paralytic fled the maker of miracles.

Concealed in little hovels, sheltered in heavy thickets, they shook with terror: the hope of others was their fear.

'This Martin,' said the blind man, 'can turn our life upside down.'

'Alas,' said the paralytic, 'if he meets us, our tranquil happiness is over, our care-free existence, perhaps our friendship. You will see; undoubtedly I shall walk very well! Have n't I seen for you, and have n't you done my walking?'

'We should no longer be interesting.'

'Who will give us the means of earning our bread right away?'

'Shall we be reduced, like Basile, to asking for alms at the church door?' added the paralytic, scornfully.

'This Martin,' continued the blind man, 'has never stirred my sympathy: it was he whom we met last year, and who gave us half of his cloak, a gift that was almost useless to us. He took good care not to give us all of it; he could not have made an exhibition of his good deed; and all winter, it appears, he carried half of that rag about with him.'

In this fashion they conversed, exiled, ungrateful because of their fear.

Soon they had to leave the retreats where they had hidden themselves: they had to do something else to remain alive. At daybreak or nightfall they went along unfrequented roads, along streets that were seldom used, the blind man muffling his footsteps, the paralytic looking keenly about, both on the watch for any sound, so they might avoid the man who would bestow on them a happiness that they did not want. For they were such sincere and pious believers that they did not question the miracle, even if they feared it; they deserved it just like the woman with the issue of blood and the daughter of Jairus, and the two blind men, and all the people whom Jesus had cured, simply because they firmly believed in Him.

But their hosts from whom they received their substance were astonished at their obstinacy in refusing to seek a cure. They invented pretexts, thought up subterfuges. They did not, however, think of saying that divine grace had not found them worthy; their piety and a kind of self-respect forbade their telling this sacrilegious lie. And people did not understand why a blind man refused to see and a lame man refused to walk.

It was Corpus Christi Sunday. Even in ordinary times the town would be decked out with oriflammes and draperies that hung from balconies and terraces, framed themselves about the windows, twined among the pillars of the arcades, and even fell on the sharp stones of the street. The town over-

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flowed with flowers that formed a setting for the holy statues that were placed on every tablet, on the cornices, on the pilasters, and in the gutters running under the windows; at every corner there was an altar surrounded with plants, weighed down with jewelry, hung with garlands, covered with rich materials, delicate embroidery, and old lace, all of which was approached by thick carpets and precious cushions, simply thrown on the bare ground.

In this miraculous year, the fête had to take on an even greater splendor than ever before: people rivaled each other with even more spirit than usual in offering wealth, ransacking coffers, laying gardens to waste. The statues on the altars glistened with sparkling gems; the air was heavy with the scent of lilacs and roses; the pavements of the streets where the procession was to pass disappeared under the velvet, the tapestries, and brocades that traced a pathway of gold.

Shortly after daybreak, the blind man and the paralytic wanted to get into the country; but the armed men at the main gates prevented them from passing. As they knew that the other doors and posterns were shut, they came back to seek refuge in the most deserted corners and the most remote parts of the town. In vain — everywhere there was someone who cried out to them to join the procession. It was as if an order had been given to hunt them down. They did not stop; they retraced their steps; they made use of every detour; they tried every hiding-place they knew. They felt that they were being followed, that their footsteps were being dogged; they made the circuit of the town; then they traversed every district of it; they skirted the banks of stagnant canals, and climbed up the five hundred and twenty steps of an old belfry, hoping to find their coveted solitude in its tower.

In vain — the bellman overtook them and forced them to go down. Then they thought that perhaps the wisest thing would be to glide along in the crowd, to remain ignored there among the pilgrims, the strangers in the country who were now more numerous than ever.

The blind man and the paralytic sought out the great streets, mixing in with groups of people, trying to lose themselves in the multitude with which they flowed. In vain — they are no longer masters of themselves; they are carried and shoved by the people who surround them; they go forward more rapidly in spite of themselves; they gain on the rest of the mob. 'Not so fast,' murmurs the paralytic to the blind man; but the blind man cannot stop. He shakes with exhaustion; sweat streams down his face; he feels himself being consciously thrust along by the crowd, perhaps by a more mysterious force, too.

They have now arrived at the foremost rank in the open space before the church. The bells sound, the huge portal opens and lets out red and white angels whose banners are their wings, children whose high singing pierces the tumult, priests clothed in robes of lace with their hands folded across their chests, the bishop, dressed in violet under his canopy of garnet-hued velvet, indifferent to this fête at which he is not the great personage. Last of all, Martin, the holy man, clothed in black.

Then a spontaneous increasing clamor rises from the people: 'A miracle! A miracle!' Martin stretches out his hands; he has paused at the top of the church steps which, together with the dome over the portal, make a marvelous throne of stone. Everybody is silent. From the kneeling mass emerges the blind man, surmounted by

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the paralytic, and their silhouette seems to stand out alone before the maker of miracles.

Martin murmurs a prayer and his voice comes back to him: 'Thou who wert blind, see, and thou, walk, who wert lame.'

And behold, the blind man passes his hand across his eyes, the paralytic slides from the shoulders that had carried him for so long a time; both men fall on their knees, side by side. Then two sobs are heard; the blind man and the paralytic weep, prostrate on the ground.

The noise of the bells, which again broke forth, drowned out the sound of the Alleluia, intoned by a thousand voices. The procession took shape: envious and meditative it marched past the blind man and the paralytic, cured of the infirmity in which they had taken such pleasure. The singing died out, the bells were still. The two men rose to their feet: the blind man was not yet able to see clearly, the paralytic did not know how to walk very well. Both of them held out their hands toward the street down which the procession had disappeared; then, taking each other by the arm to find their way together for the last time in their lives, they bent their footsteps toward the gate of the town. When they had passed through it, without exchanging a word they clasped hands for a long time, and, taking opposite paths, they walked away.

BALZAC AND HIS PROVINCE

BY GERARD BAUËR

From *L'Écho de Paris, February* 15
(CLERICAL DAILY)

HUMAN relationships are determined by the natural course of life. Nothing could be simpler. Generation follows generation from father to son. Men marry and found families. But even the simplest thing here below is wrapped in mystery. A long line of peasant ancestors blossoms suddenly in the genius of Pasteur; another line of peasants rises suddenly to the heights of literature in Balzac. What secret alchemy of physical forces determines these intellectual marvels? What slow deposits create, when a certain point is reached, these supermen?

How gladly one would know the secret of nature's workshop! One follows the stream to its source in order to see the quality of the water and the force with which it bursts from the soil. One hopes to find other places where the banks are already large and beautiful — places that in some measure indicate the greatness that is to come. These quests of minute examination into the origins of a great mind which one admires have a fascination that is peculiar to themselves.

For ten years M. Louis Lumet has been studying the origin of Honoré de Balzac with the enthusiasm of an ardent and thoroughgoing explorer. He has searched everywhere — the

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country, the archives, the memories of people. And he comes back with his hands full of documents, his eyes full of landscapes, and his memory crammed with names. His interest in the subject has re-created for us the whole long series of Balzac's ancestors so far back that we reach the horizon of time where the eye can perceive nothing save gray and nameless shadows. What a journey it has been for him and for one who loves Balzac and has long loved him; what a delight it is to seek out these rude ancestors whose blood was one day to give life to a magnificent brain!

The Balzac family is a veritable forest of human beings, among whom the traveler loses his way. It is well-known that Balzac's father, Bernard-François Balssa, had claims to nobility, and that he declared himself to spring from the same stock as the noble family that bears the name of the village of Balsac, situated about two hours' travel from Brioude, whose original ancestors were the famous family, Balzac d'Entragues. Balzac himself speaks of these pretentions in the introduction to *Le Lys dans la vallée:* 'I am not a *gentilhomme* in the historical and genealogical sense of the word, which is so profoundly significant for the families of the conquering race. In saying this I set my pride against their pride, for my father boasted of coming from the conquered stock of a family who had resisted the invasion of Auvergne, and from whom the Entragues family sprang.'

Was Balzac of noble blood? In spite of his disclaimer, the great writer liked to think he was, as we can see clearly enough because he very early changed his name to Balzac; but M. Louis Lumet does not believe it. He thinks that the Balssa family had an origin quite different, springing from a plebeian family who, under the pressure of a barbarian invasion, or perhaps through famine or pestilence, had come down from Auvergne to the plateau of Albigeois. They were fleeing from misfortune; they had hastily abandoned the village whose name they all bore, and when they were asked their name in the countries through which they journeyed they replied: '*Nous sommes les Balsac,*' or '*les Balssa,*' and they called their wives *Balsan* or *Balssanne.* The greater part of this fugitive company established themselves in the northern part of Albigeois and occupied themselves with the heavy work of cultivating the soil, until from this low estate they found their way upward into the lower clergy. M. Lumet presents them as a sturdy race, hairy, bony, and vigorous, fighting against rebellious nature a battle always difficult, and sometimes disastrous.

'From their misfortunes,' he writes, 'which often led to epidemic or to famine, they emerged all the hardier and the tougher; and, although racked with hunger or tortured by fever, they continued to scratch the earth of their *ségalas* with their primitive ploughs, tireless and submissive to fate. All their lives, all their activities, were concentrated on getting land, for he who wins land for himself has already won liberty. They were an earthy race from first to last — and still others follow them.'

Keep this picture in mind, if you care for Balzac, and ponder on it. Here in the distant past you will find the explanation of the author's chief characteristics — his feeling for tradition, and the soberness with which he regarded the social institutions. The peasant is a serf and a conservative by temperament. The changeless laws of nature, the rigid regularity of the season, the fruitfulness of the earth rule his life. It is the spirit of the

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aristocrat or the townsman that leads to skepticism and the taste for liberty, no matter what people have sometimes thought. The race of peasants from whom the great man is supposed to have descended are to be found scattered all over Rouergue and Albigeois at the beginning of the seventeenth century; but they grouped themselves especially at Montirat in the diocese of Albi, where most of the Balssas are to be found, and especially the grandparents of the author of *Eugénie Grandet*.

Montirat is a huddled, crowded town, where the red and black houses cluster around the church, which towers above them, like so many cubs about a nursing mother. Once important, the village has long since ceased to be so, and there are very few inhabitants to find shelter within its walls along the banks of the Lezert, a little stream that is either sluggish or a raging torrent according to the season.

From 1600 on it is possible to trace the whole lineage of the Balssa family at Montirat. It is a family of medium rank. One is a canon, another a merchant, or even a town officer. Bernard Balssa, the grandfather of the novelist, whose wife died soon after her marriage, took as his second wife a certain Jeanne Granier in 1745, by whom he had eleven children, the oldest of whom, Bernard-François, who was born in 1746 and died in 1829, became the father of Honoré de Balzac. Jeanne Granier came from the town of Nougairie, where Bernard followed her, and this little village of the Albigeois is the true cradle of the great Balzac.

One summer evening about twilight M. Louis Lumet found the farm where Balzac's father was born. He had come down from Montirat, crossing the Lezert by a frail bridge. Then, making his way across the fields and groves of chestnut trees, he soon saw through a cluster of branches the little village of Cazenac, then Nougairie and the farm with its three buildings where Balssa père was born. He came upon a woman driving in the pigs, who was vastly surprised that anyone should come to visit the farm, and should go out of his way 'so far for such a little thing.' M. Lumet made inquiries after the Balssa family. They are still known in the countryside, and they have prospered there; but as for Honoré de Balzac, the old lady who was herding the swine had never heard of him, although she could give a deal of information about a certain Balssa who had set up as a poultry merchant at Carcassonne.

On this farm, which to-day is old and dilapidated, Bernard-François, father of the novelist, grew up watching the herds. He was a ready workman, and a sturdy, laughing lad. The father worked feverishly seeking to increase his property, and sometimes would tell his hopes of an evening. But the boy was not to remain long in such difficult surroundings. Like Pasteur's father, also sprung from a race of farmers, who studied, developed his mind, and learned the lessons of life in Napoleon's campaigns, so Balzac's father, while still a peasant lad, dreamed of a higher destiny.

It seems as though within these humble fathers the genius which they are one day to produce is already fermenting, and bears them onward with it. The farmer's lad began to take lessons from the curé, and soon left his cattle to study with Maître Albar, the royal notary. He became a clerk, signed deeds, and about 1765 was 'occupied in the town.' His career was made. The poor peasant had become a business man and with the Revolution he became an official. In 1797 he married a lady from Paris, Laure Sallambier, and went to Tours

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in the hospital administration. It was at Tours that this son of the Albigeois peasants became the father of Honoré de Balzac.

Tours is an accident, a mere stage in the life of this man. Taine in days to come was to say of Balzac: '*C'est un beau champignon d'hôpital.*' (He is a fine hospital mushroom.)

Perhaps; but M. Lumet's study shows the true roots of this man who was to be one of the greatest of his time. On his father's side he came from the soil. His father, it is true, broke away, but one feels sure that he carried it with him still. The tireless labor of the village, the peasant tradition, form the solid basis of this amazing spirit; and the mother from Paris — she was Imagination.

ELEPHANTS WHITE, ELEPHANTS DARK

BY BASSETT DIGBY

[*Mr. Digby is an English writer who has spent a good deal of his life knocking about the globe and prying into its most interesting and out-of-the-way corners. He writes with equal enthusiasm of the Siberian peasants, Siamese elephants, or water-front riots in Japan.*]

From the *Manchester Guardian, March* 9
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

THE last official elephant-drive in Siam has been held. Need for economy ends the pastime. Siam ought to call itself Elephantia. Elephants there are not merely the troublesome carcasses attached to promptly salable tusks coveted by manufacturers of piano keys, or the hapless prey of the wealthy jilted, as they are in 'British East,' for instance.

They are in the very air. Little models of them top every temple and public building. Set in a field of red bunting, white elephants flutter, on the national flag, from every mast.

'Who are those fellows?' I asked my friend the merchant, one day, as we passed a group of Siamese in blue uniform.

'R. E. D.'s,' he answered.

'What, Bolshiés in an Eastern autocracy like this!' I exclaimed. 'It can't be particularly healthy for them.'

'Guess again! I said "R. E. D.'s" — not "Reds." Officials of the Royal Elephant Department. No, I'm not rotting. It is a fact. It is more important than the War Office or the Admiralty or the F. O. There'll never be any wars, you see, but elephants, plain and colored, will always be with us. It's just the thing to get your impecunious sister's son into. Every elephant in the land, wild or tame, belongs to the King, you see — to the King himself, not the mere taxpayer.'

'Not the whites, surely,' I demurred. 'I thought the whole point about white elephants was that you had to keep 'em, eating enormous quantities of hay and oats and things, without benefiting you in the least. That's why, at home, one calls a gift that is merely an incubus a white elephant.'

'I see,' the merchant remarked,

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wearily, 'that we've got to educate you. . . . '

Well, I was told some things about white elephants. These, as became a wide-eyed, open-eared, but innately suspicious wanderer, astonished at nothing but trusting no man, I carefully verified. And I found out more strange things on my own account.

Far from white elephants being an incubus, they are the most sought-after royal asset between Rangoon and Saigon. Wars have been waged, treasure squandered, and lives tossed away like chaff to gain neighboring countries' white elephants.

They are sacred, and always have been. They were highly venerated in the dim and distant Brahman days before the dawn of Buddhism. Burmese kings used to be just as keen on them as the monarchs of Siam. In Siam today they are held to be reincarnations of Gautama and of a legendary ancestor of the King.

There is a Royal White Elephant Stable — no, stable is too crude a word! — adjoining the Palace at Bangkok, where there are usually four or five in residence.

A white elephant is not a separate species. He is merely an albino of the ordinary Asiatic elephant. Sometimes he is inclined to be blotchy. In the best type he is the color of a pale gray suède glove; his toenails are creamy white, and at the tip of his trunk and around his ears he is pinky white.

Although white elephants, even in Siam, are very rare and the property of the King, the King 'speeds up' the supply by exempting the captor from taxation and from liability to capital punishment, confers a title on him, and gives him as much silver money, in a pile, as he can push along a smooth surface with his little finger. A wily Chinee, who corraled one in, practised assiduously at shoving iron weights for a few weeks before reporting the capture. When he had got *both* little fingers into perfect training, he came in with his elephant to claim the reward and astounded the Treasury with the great mass of silver which he successfully shifted — and acquired. . . .

Great are the festivities on the arrival of a young white elephant. All Bangkok makes holiday and flocks out, with the King, to see it ferried across the river in its state barge, over which is built a canopied temple. On landing it is offered water by high priests. Then, escorted by cavalry and gyrating dancing boys clad in red, the poor scared baby elephant in his coat of silver cloth goes trotting up the road to the Palace.

In the stables — or, rather, the Hotel Ritz Elephantia Alba — the guests are 'done prahd,' as the costers say. Dressed in velvet and gold, the white elephants have retinues of servants to wait upon them. There is even a night staff whose duty it is to come in, turn on the light, and offer them food and drink if they are heard to stir during the hours of darkness. Special choirs account it an honor when they are permitted to come in and sing to them.

High priests doctor them, hold religious services for them — and cremate their massive remains when their souls go marching on to the celestial jungles. Countrymen come hundreds of miles, on pilgrimages, to prostrate themselves before them.

Fifty years ago Ministers even used to consult them on State problems, until one slippery customer, advised by the Sir William Sutherland of the period, excused so many Cabinet blunders by declaring that 'anyway, that was the course recommended by the White Elephants when I laid the matter before them,' that the King forbade them to be used as secular scapegoats.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE GUN TEAM

BY KENNETH M'CRACKEN

[*Edinburgh University Supplement, Scottish Chapbook*]

LOUD o'er the city's murmur, 'midst the busy throng at noon,
I heard a clattering jingle, like an old familiar tune.
I turned, and shining glossy, steel a-glitter in the sun,
I saw a team of hairies and an eighteen-pounder gun.

I felt my pulses bounding, and my blood ran fast and free,
As down the breeze the hot horse-scent came in a wave to me.
And oh! my heart was longing for the gunner life again;
Those poplar-shaded horse-lines, on the poppy-sprinkled plain.

And oh! but I was wishing then to hear the trumpets blare
That crashing music 'stables,' and at 'feed' to see the air
Thick with the dust from standing hoofs, while tossing heads six score,
Shrill neighing, fiercely echoed back faint sounds of distant war.

They rattled past — a moment (as I saw the gun glides gleam) —
Before me flame-kissed muzzles leapt; with shriek, and dying scream,
As eastwards sped the shrapnel, and a sudden shattering roar
Of shell-bursts in my ears — I gazed at city streets once more.

A PICTURE OF EVENING

BY ALBERT C. FROST

[*Poetry* (Birmingham)]

RUMBLING goes a wagon, with a sweet load of clover,
  Jolting up the shoulder, and tilted 'gainst the sky;
Pearl-gray's the sunset and the hard day's over,
  Quiet is the valley as the cart creaks by.

Dusky are the pine trees with a gray mist stealing.
  Softly in the brushwood the breezes linger nigh.
Half-heard and mellow are the church bells pealing,
  Far across the valley where the night winds sigh.

Down between the tree trunks, in the half-light and shadow,
  Faintly shine the lamps where the hidden houses lie;
Dark gray and hazy, near the dim, dark meadow,
  With a quiet peaceful plodding, the cart creaks by.

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THE MIRTHFUL MONOSYLLABLE

THE 'new poetry' has its critics in the British Isles just as it has in the United States. The latest is Mr. R. A. Knox, whose book, *Memories of the Future*, 1915–1972, purports to be by one Lady Porstock. The book is based on the theory so sagely propounded by Alice in Wonderland: 'It's a poor sort of memory that only works backward.' Mr. Knox's memory is one of the superior kind that works both ways, and, by 'remembering' some of the things that the next fifty years are to behold, he contrives to be sufficiently amusing.

One of the things to which he particularly objects is the overfrequent introduction into poetry of the monosyllable that has always been so popular in the theatre. He quotes the Index of First Lines in a prospective anthology of 'Edwardian Poetry, 1960–1965' — a title which presupposes the accession to the throne of the present British Crown Prince. This is the section of the Index presented to our wondering gaze: —

Damned in these mucky estuaries of hell
Damn her! Where did she get those saffron eyes
Damn him!
Damn him! What the
Damn it all, I've swabbed these beetle-squashers
Damn kindness! damn faith! damn humanity!
Damn silly? Yet if this damned silliness

A reviewer in the conservative *Saturday Review* remarks feelingly that this is 'excellent fooling, but for those who recall "Blast," scarcely amounting to parody!' This observation has a painful element of truth about it. Radical poets of the Sitwell tribe are quite capable of any of these lines, which they might regard, however, as conceding too much to tradition.

'BOOK PRICES CURRENT' IN FRANCE

LONDON'S complaints over the inroads made on British stores of rare books by wealthy American collectors will perhaps be silenced for a little while by the record price that has just been paid in Paris for a copy of a book by a living author. M. Anatole France is the writer to whom this dubious compliment has been paid. A special copy of his *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque* has just sold for 25,000 francs, which even at present exchange represents a round sum in Yankee dollars, especially when paid for a modern writer. The book, however, is so elaborate a specimen of the printers' and binders' arts that its price partly explains itself. The copy that has just changed hands is one of two printed on Whatman paper, and contains twenty-five original water-colors by Leroux and a double set of artists' proofs. It is in two folio volumes, and formed a part of the Freund-Deschamps Library which has been sold at auction.

Two other books brought high prices, one a copy of Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book*, which had been valued at 5000 francs but actually brought 9350. This book, published in Paris three years ago, contains a series of artists' proofs. A copy of Théophile Gautier's *Morte Amoureuse*, which was published in 1904 with water-color drawings by Pierre Laurens, sold for 5000 francs.

✠

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE UNKNOWN PLAYWRIGHT

LONG and loud have been the wails of those who aspire to write plays, a classification which includes a fair proportion of the human race. They have complained of managerial prejudice, of readers' stupidity, of popular

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lack of appreciation, and a great many other things, but at last a balm is to be applied to their wounds. Not in America, however. It is only the French aspirants who will receive much encouragement.

A number of distinguished dramatists, headed by Tristan Bernard, have arranged for a jury drawn from the ranks of the Society of Authors who will read plays submitted by unknown writers and select four each year as the most suitable for production. There is nothing to match the sang-froid of the gallant Frenchmen. These fearless authors proclaim their willingness to read 'any plays submitted.' It is a task at which the stoutest heart might fail.

Seventeen Paris theatres have promised their support. Each of the seventeen will produce a play selected by the committee of judges at least once in four years. The mathematics involved seem a little askew, but then, no dramatist ever was good at figures except the famous business man of Stratford who made such a good thing out of the Globe and the Blackfriars. The only element that has not been provided for so far is the French public and perhaps the critics, who do not always consent to follow humbly in the train even of the Society of Authors.

✤

THE MENACE OF THE HISTORICAL HANDBOOK

A REVIEWER whose identity is concealed behind the initials 'F. B.' indulges, in the columns of the *New Statesman*, in some strictures on the historical handbooks that have become a fad since Mr. Wells led the way with his best seller. The title of his article is 'More Potted History' — which was certainly not intended to soothe the author's feelings. It is easy to understand the feelings of the professional historical students in the presence of works whose scope necessarily precludes detail and is not likely to favor complete accuracy, which is everywhere desirable.

At any rate, the short histories have given this writer an excellent opportunity to get rid of some venom which has obviously been long a-brewing. This is what he says: —

> Short histories of the world are becoming a menace. A new genre has been discovered and a flood of books is the result. Nor is it difficult to see why this should be the case. To write the history of England from 1685–1688 needs years of research, considerable intellectual effort and mental discipline. But to write the history of the world is a very different matter. All that is needed is some half-digested theory, round which can be woven a few carefully assorted facts and any number of hazy prejudices. Thus history becomes a 'criticism,' an 'interpretation' by a 'subtle,' 'sympathetic,' or 'inquiring' mind.
>
> The authors of this particular book betray in their title the nature of their prejudices: for them a twentieth-century slum-child or a twentieth-century public-school boy is the heir of all the ages, born into a world which has in some esoteric manner been getting better and better every day in every way. Not for them is the painful possibility that history may be, after all, but a succession of events, some good, some bad, a catalogue of incidents, which it may sometimes be possible to diagnose, but upon none of which is it wise to construct a general philosophy.

✤

CLOUDS IN CAPTIVITY

THE first English demonstration of the Schwabe-Hasait system of stage-lighting in England took place soon after the installation of the new equipment at St. Martin's Theatre. The new invention marks a step forward toward complete illusion. It is conceivable that the expressionistic school may eventually turn it to their interpretive

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uses, but at present it is a system of illusion carried to the *n*th degree.

The trouble with the old stage skies was that they looked like what they were — painted canvas — and usually pretty badly painted canvas at that. The new system abandons the plaster of the *Kuppelhorizont* in favor of the 'artificial horizon.' This is especially prepared white cloth filling up the whole rear of the stage and drawn along a rail by electric power. Upon this screen lamps throw solid color, so that the sky background can be varied from one time to another, from the blue of the night, with stars shining through it, through a whole gradation from dawn to noonday.

Still more, clouds can be projected on this mimic sky, and these clouds move not merely sideways but also upward. To quote Mr. Edward Shanks, assistant-editor of the London *Mercury*, who is also a well-known dramatic critic, they look exactly like clouds, and drift across the sky with precisely their aimless and majestic motion. The inventors have taken care to photograph clouds of every sort, so that cumulus, tumulus, and cirrus follow one another in meteorological procession across the stage.

However, this extremely interesting adjunct to the battery at the disposal of the stage realist has one or two grave defects. The clouds look exactly like real ones and move exactly like real ones, it is true, but unlike real ones they never change their shape. Moreover, the inventors have not yet provided a sufficient assortment, so that before the whole scene can be played through the successive clouds become unpleasantly familiar. As Mr. Shanks remarks: 'One cannot think that it would be conducive to concentration on the play for persons in the audience involuntarily to exclaim, "Hullo, here's Thomas the Tumulus again!"'

Mr. Shanks, however, does not view the new invention with unalloyed approval, for, as he says: —

> I see, in fact, the clouds gathering on the Artificial Horizon for storms which will be unprecedented in our theatre and which may conceivably drown the drama before they have done. For the backcloth, like the rest of the scenery, according to whatever method it may be planned, is there only to satisfy the eye of the spectator, to create a sufficient delusion in him, and it should not attempt to do any more. Are we greatly inconvenienced by those old stationary clouds? I think not. Are we likely to be inconvenienced by these new movable clouds? I think it quite likely that we may be.
>
> The defects I have mentioned stand out and can hardly help catching the eyes of the spectators and, to some extent, irritating them. The spectacular excellences of the device may very well do the same. It is the old argument about elaborate scenery; but, I submit, the most elaborate scenery Tree and his compeers knew how to devise could not compare in distracting power with scenery that moves of its own motion. We may find a minor evil — I observed signs of it after last week's demonstration — in a general movement of dramatists to write plays with storms in them. But the more serious danger is that, in any play with a storm in it, the storm is very likely to escape from the picture and play the actors off the stage. There are, indeed, actors with whom this would be no great misfortune; but, on the whole, I think this danger raging the stage ought to be regarded with mistrust.
>
> And further — a storm is presumably not introduced into any play without some definite idea of dramatic effect: it will, therefore, bear a certain amount of emphasis. But in any scene placed out of doors the chances are that clouds will be moving peaceably overhead without any such capacity for bearing emphasis, but with an equal power for drawing away the minds of the audience. I do not say that the new method will invariably be misused in this manner: I do say that the temptation thus to misuse it will be very strong.

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MONEY AND RESEARCH

'NEMO,' who writes several columns of comment critical and otherwise on the events of the day in the London *Outlook*, supports a recent plea put forth by Sir Ronald Ross for better payment of scientific workers.

'Nemo,' however, as usual has some thoughts of his own on the subject: —

Sir Ronald Ross is obviously right in his plea for more adequate rewards for scientific discovery, and I wish him all success in his campaign. But I am very doubtful, for several reasons, whether he will make the necessary converts.

In the first place, the benefactor of science is a rare bird — the average jam- or pickle-maker will leave a legacy to a hospital or his local church, but he has no more use for science than the French Revolutionaries or the Russian Bolsheviki. In the second place, when money is left for research it breeds a crowd of little men who discover little facts on little salaries; it catches the pot-hunter, the degree-maniac, the writer of textbooks, and the superior clerk who plays for safety, but it never lands the big fish, and the little fishes do not want it to — else the tank might get uncomfortably crowded. In the third place, the State will not bother — it trusts to luck. And if pushed, it would cynically instance the case of Sir Ronald Ross the discoverer against the argument of Sir Ronald Ross the advocate of justice. Sir Ronald Ross has, I suppose, saved more lives than any man living, and on a *per capita* grant of a penny each life he would be a wealthy man. But I believe his reward came in the shape of praise, not pudding. And Whitehall expects the next man to do the same. Probably he will.

TWO NEW POETRY MAGAZINES

Two poetry magazines, little known in America and not very well known in their own country, are represented on A Page of Verse this week. *Poetry*, though identical in name, has no relation to Miss Harriet Monroe's little Chicago magazine which has so long led the van in the United States.

The *Scottish Chapbook*, likewise, has no connection with another poetry magazine published by another Monro — Mr. Harold Monro's *Chapbook*, a product of the Poetry Bookshop, London. The *Scottish Chapbook* is published in Edinburgh, and the influence of the University there is writ large across its pages. It almost makes one think that Scottish poetry would have been a good deal better if Allan Ramsay and Robert Burns had never written. A genius can write poems in dialect — but when the genius is dead and gone, lesser men arise who perpetrate stanzas like

> Muckle men wi' tousled beards,
> I grat at as a bairn
> 'Il scramble frae the croodit clay
> Wi' feck o' swearin'.
>
> An' glower at God an' a' his gang
> O' angels i' the lift
> — Thae trashy bleezin' French-like folk
> Wha gar'd them shift!
>
> Fain the weemun-folk 'll seek
> To mak' them haud their row
> — *Fegs, God's no blate gin he stirs up*
> *The men o' Crowdieknowe!*

which are not likely to displace the laurels now resting on Bobbie Burns's brow.

A section of the magazine is devoted to 'Edinburgh University Verse, 1922–23,' in which five young men are allowed to have their say, very much in the manner of undergraduates the world over. Mr. Kenneth M'Cracken is the best of the lot. In his 'The Gun Team,' which we reprint, he does at least capture a mood and contrive a rhythm to fit it.

'A Picture of Evening' is a prize poem in *Poetry's* half-yearly competition for schools. The author is a fifteen-year-old boy, a student in the Carlisle Grammar School.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Rise and Fall of the French Romantic Drama, by F. W. M. Draper. London: Constable, 1923. 15*s*.

[*New Statesman*]

RARELY has there been so much ado about nothing as in the case of the French romantic drama, which, with the possible exception of some half-a-dozen pieces, is to-day as dead as a doornail. The fact that out of the turmoil came forth Stendhal's *Racine et Shakespeare* is perhaps the most interesting feature of the movement; but then, as Mr. Draper truly remarks, Stendhal was not a genuine romantic. The influence of Sir Walter Scott was all-pervasive and it was bad Sir Walter at that. The romantics certainly made the devil of a noise about Shakespeare, but they never understood him at all, and he had much more in common with Racine than with them.

It needs a brilliant pen to make the subject interesting to-day, and though Mr. Draper has commendable industry and seems familiar with the plot of every bad vaudeville and melodrama that held the stage during the Restoration and the July Monarchy, he has not sufficient art to make the dry bones live. The following passage is not an unfair sample of his style: —

'A typical associate of Hugo's youthful years is Alexandre Soumet. Soumet was fourteen years older than Hugo. Louis XVIII had a great liking for his poetry. He wrote *Saül* and *Les Machabées*. In 1814 he had reproached Mme. de Staël for timidity in literary affairs. But in 1827 he was nearly forty and was too old to practise his own liberal dramatic opinions. His *Élisabeth de France* (1828) was not very successful. *Jeanne d' Arc* was not played till 1844,' and so on.

In truth Mr. Draper has not many illusions about the literature with which he has to deal. Perhaps a little enthusiasm, even if wrong-headed, would have made his book more easy to read, but he admits frankly that the romantic drama was after all a damp squib. For this state of affairs he gives several reasons — the hostility of general society, the unwillingness of the actors to learn a new style of acting, the costly *décor* due to the desire for local color and historical accuracy in the mounting of mediæval and other costume plays, and, what is perhaps most close to the matter, the rise of Rachel and the consequent discovery of the French public that after all they liked Corneille and Racine best. Our sympathies are with the French public, and also with Mr. Draper for the intense labor he has had to bestow on a task which he has evidently not found congenial.

Off the Map, by Alex. Devine. London: Chapman and Hall, 1923. 1*s*.

[Esmé Wingfield Stratford in the *Beacon*]

WE are beginning to realize what sort of triumph of nationality has been engendered by the Peace of Versailles, and how the old Liberal idea of national self-government has, like most of the obvious old nineteenth-century nostrums, been found to prove absolutely unworkable in practice. The vanguard of Balkan liberty was furnished by the unconquerable people of the Black Mountain, over whom the Turk was never able to effect more than the shadow of a conquest, but whom the freeing of Serbia has at last brought under the yoke — though not, perhaps, for very long. It is a terrible story of intrigue and Naboth's vineyard that is related — no doubt from a biased point of view — in these pages. Not the least poignant feature is the tragedy of the aged and patriarchal king, Nicholas.

The Reed of Pan, by A. C. Benson. London: John Murray, 1922. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Little Poems from the Greek: Second Series, by Walter Leaf. London: Grant Richards, 1922. 5*s*.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

THESE two versions of Poems from the Greek Anthology — Mr. Benson covers more or less the whole long range, while Mr. Leaf in this, his second series, confines himself to the later periods — may instructively be considered together, representing, as they do, two different theories of translation. Mr. Benson, it is true, claims that his poems are something more than translations. 'Paraphrases,' we gather, is the term he would choose to describe them. Indeed, he explicitly states that 'his aim in translating is to give a series of equivalents which should be, essentially and unmistakably, so far as I could achieve it, English Poems.' We will not quarrel with the inexactitude of the language here, or press the point of 'equivalents,' as Mr. Benson's general meaning is fairly clear; and later he speaks of Mr. Leaf's *Little Poems* (he is no doubt referring to the first series) as 'versions rather than paraphrases,' and adds that 'their very fidelity to the exact phrasing of the originals, ingenious and apt as it is, does not permit Mr. Leaf to Anglicize the poems completely, or to free them from the slight constraint which comes from rendering language rather than thought, and mode of expression rather than motive.'

We do not understand Mr. Benson to be depreciating Mr. Leaf's efforts here; rather, to

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be explaining the difference of their aims. But his language is not wholly felicitous. It might be answered that Mr. Leaf does, as a matter of fact, render both thought and language, and does not — how is it possible? — neglect the motive in his care for the mode. And it might further be urged that Mr. Leaf's delightful little versions are also poems, although it is true that they retain a rich flavor of the original, and could not possibly be taken for anything but translations from the Anthology. And it would be unfair to Mr. Leaf to refrain from reminding Mr. Benson that Mr. Leaf has set himself a task which is infinitely harder than his own. It is comparatively easy to make an English poem out of a Greek poem — by English poem we understand Mr. Benson to mean a poem which would come home to English readers who had no knowledge of the Greek language or of Greek thought and sentiment — if you may introduce thoughts and feelings of your own and omit some of the poet's. It is more difficult if you must confine yourself to the thought and feeling of the original. Now this is what Mr. Leaf has done, and he has, in our judgment, while escaping the slavery of the letter, produced what will generally be recognized as poems.

Maurice Barrès und die geistigen Grundlagen des französischen Nationalismus (Maurice Barrès and the Spiritual Foundation of French Nationalism), by E.-R. Grund Curtius. Bonn: F. Cohen.

Rheingenius und 'Génie du Rhin,' by E. Bertram. Bonn: F. Cohen.

[*L'Europe Nouvelle*]

IT was inevitable that the theories and propaganda of M. Barrès should stir up replies in Germany. The task was the less difficult because one could easily discern in the theories of the French academician the influence of German national theories of the nineteenth century. M. Curtius, who, far from being a foe of France, has endeavored to spread French books in Germany, cannot refrain from putting his compatriots on their guard against what he calls 'the *nationalismus* of a Barrès.' He does his work with calm, with precision, convinced that he is thus contributing to hold in check the evil elements that prevent an understanding between the two neighbor nations.

M. Bertram may seem not quite so sure of himself, though he asserts that he is pursuing a similar purpose. He enters into specific denials of the assertions made by M. Barrès in his *Génie du Rhin*, and seeks to open the eyes of the Germans in order that they may oppose any separation of the left bank of the Rhine.

The Wedgewood Medallion, by E. B. C. Jones. London: Chatto and Windus, 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Morning Post*]

THE late Miss Louisa May Alcott would be shocked, we fear, by the work of her latest disciple. All the same, *The Wedgwood Medallion* is obviously just a slice out of a modern history of the March Family. Those objects of our youthful adoration have now changed their name to Rendel, and live in a romantic cottage sufficiently near to Tintagel. Mrs. Rendel is, of course, a wise and sympathetic mother, after the more modern conceptions of these days, and her children call her Fia. Barbara, Sophy, Ursula, and Sheila are our old friends, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy come to life again, with slightly different views of female deportment, it is true.

The episode portrayed in *The Wedgwood Medallion* is the love affair of Sophy-Jo.

Giovanni Battista Piranesi: A Critical Study, by A. K. Hind. London: Cotswold Gallery, 1923. £3 3*s.*

[*Sunday Times*]

ANYTHING Mr. Arthur Hind may have to say about etching or engraving is always worth reading, and he has a congenial subject in the work of the greatest architectural etcher of the eighteenth century. His text, however, is only one of the attractions of this handsome quarto, which contains 146 illustrations of Piranesi's work, including the complete series of his *Vedute di Roma*, and of this famous set in some cases two states are illustrated. This book, which so delightfully increases our knowledge of perhaps the greatest master of architectural etching, should be in every well-organized art library.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Kronprinz Rudolf, Politische Briefe an einen Freund, 1882–1889. Vienna, Leipzig, and Munich: Rilola Verlag, 1923.

NIELSEN, AAGE DRARUP. *Durch die Tropen zum Südpolarmeer.* London, Berlin, and Copenhagen: Gyldendal, 1923.

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THIS WEEK

OUR old friend Trotskii is with us again. Some time ago he described his travels in Spain and he has now taken another vacation from his official duties to write an account of the earlier years of his life. We hope that no red-blooded Americans will allow their patriotism to keep them from reading this uproarious chronicle.

* * *

Von Moltke, too, has appeared in these pages before and this article reënforces the strangely wistful impression of the man that his diaries have already made. He was the favorite of the Kaiser, he openly demanded the invasion of Belgium, he lost the war at the Marne, and died of a broken heart. It is only natural that his life should tell us a good deal about many of his important contemporaries.

* * *

Future historians of the war will find another valuable document in the diaries of Pietro Bertolini, Premier of Italy in 1914. The *Living Age* prints some excerpts in which the Italian minister himself describes the course he was compelled to take in keeping the balance between two fiercely hostile parties.

* * *

It is unfortunate that most of our conceptions of Mexico are founded on a no more solid basis than the newspapers. The account of Socialism in that country covers a much wider field than the title would indicate, as it includes a brief synopsis of recent history there.

* * *

Venizelos is playing a difficult and dangerous game in Greece. He has arranged to have King George put on the throne 'on trial' until 1925. At that time Venizelos will either come in as Prime Minister or, if the King is deposed, will profit by this royal unpopularity and get elected President. It looks like such a sure thing that there must be a hole in it somewhere.

* * *

Ernest Newman's discussion of Berlioz opens with some very sensible remarks on music that might easily be stretched to include other arts as well. He says that the really great men are not so close to us as the lesser figures, and accounts, in this way, for the lack of recognition that is accorded to Berlioz.

* * *

Holbrook Jackson, editor of *To-Day*, is also known as the author of 'The Eighteen-Nineties.' He has now taken to less baroque subjects and has written this very nice bit of criticism on Walter Bagehot. He gives some apt quotations, interlarding them with his own searching comments, and flavors the whole article with the sure hand of the literary connoisseur.

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